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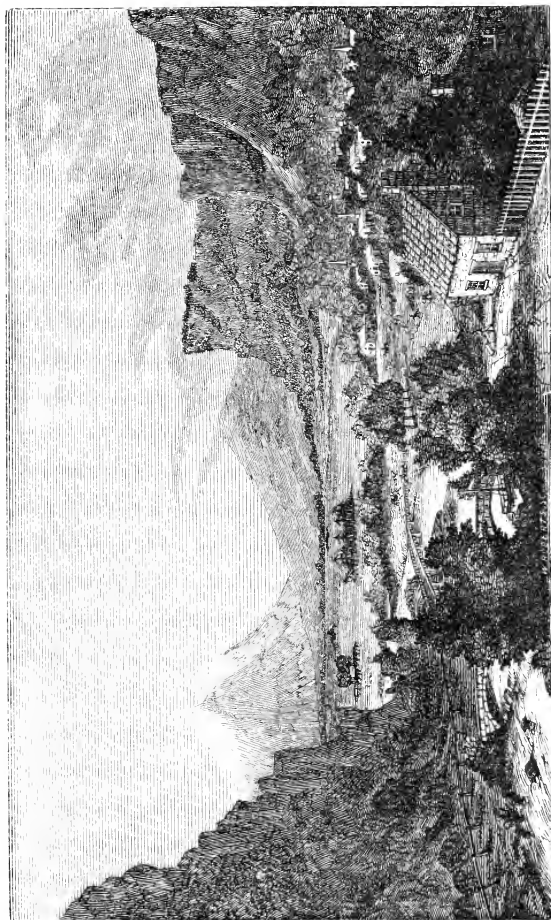












THE HARBOR.

# WALLACE,

## A FRANEONIA STORY,

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE ROLLO BOOKS.



NEW YORK:  
HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS.  
FRANKLIN SQUARE.

W. ALBERTS, AC.

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## P R E F A C E .



THE development of the moral sentiments in the human heart, in early life,—and every thing in fact which relates to the formation of character,—is determined in a far greater degree by sympathy, and by the influence of example, than by formal precepts and didactic instruction. If a boy hears his father speaking kindly to a robin in the spring,—welcoming its coming and offering it food,—there arises at once in his own mind, a feeling of kindness toward the bird, and toward all the animal creation, which is produced by a sort of sympathetic action, a power somewhat similar to what in physical philosophy is called *induction*. On the other hand, if the father, instead of feeding the bird, goes eagerly for a gun, in order that he may shoot it, the boy will sympathize in that desire, and growing up under such an influence, there will be gradually formed within him, through the mysterious tendency of the youthful heart to vibrate in unison with hearts that are near, a disposition to kill and destroy all helpless beings that come within his power. There

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is no need of any formal instruction in either case. Of a thousand children brought up under the former of the above-described influences, nearly every one, when he sees a bird, will wish to go and get crumbs to feed it, while in the latter case, nearly every one will just as certainly look for a stone. Thus the growing up in the right atmosphere, rather than the receiving of the right instruction, is the condition which it is most important to secure, in plans for forming the characters of children.

It is in accordance with this philosophy that these stories, though written mainly with a view to their moral influence on the hearts and dispositions of the readers, contain very little formal exhortation and instruction. They present quiet and peaceful pictures of happy domestic life, portraying generally such conduct, and expressing such sentiments and feelings, as it is desirable to exhibit and express in the presence of children.

The books, however, will be found, perhaps, after all, to be useful mainly in entertaining and amusing the youthful readers who may peruse them, as the writing of them has been the amusement and recreation of the author in the intervals of more serious pursuits.

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THE  
FRANCONIA STORIES.

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ORDER OF THE VOLUMES.

MALLEVILLE.	RODOLPHUS.
WALLACE.	ELLEN LINN.
MARY ERSKINE.	STUYVESANT.
MARY BELL.	CAROLINE.
BEECHNUT.	AGNES.

## SCENE OF THE STORY

Franconia, a place among the mountains at the North. The time is midsummer.

## PRINCIPAL PERSONS.

WALLACE, a young college student, spending his vacation at Mrs. Henry's, at Franconia.

MRS. HENRY, Wallace's aunt, residing at Franconia.

ALPHONZO, commonly called Phonny, Mrs. Henry's son; nine years old.

MALLEVILLE, Wallace's sister; seven years old; spending the summer at her aunt's.

ANTONIO BIANCHINETTE, a French Canadian boy, living at Mrs. Henry's.

CAROLINE, a young lady residing in the village; thirteen years old.

MARY BELL, her friend, residing at a little distance from the village, with her mother; twelve years old.

PARKER, a village boy.

# W A L L A C E

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## CHAPTER I.

### BEECHNUT.

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Wallace.	His studious habits.	Phonny complains of them.
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**W**ALLACE'S home was in the city of New York, but he often spent his college vacations at his aunt Henry's, in Franconia. He was very studious too in these vacations, spending a great deal of his time in his alcove, reading and studying. This, as it seemed to Phonny, was very unreasonable and absurd, since vacations, as he maintained, were meant for play and not for study. It is true that Wallace went out very often to take long walks, or to ride on horseback, making excursions along the banks of the river or up and down the glen. Still it appeared to Phonny that Wallace was almost continually at his studies. Phonny complained of this sometimes, as it prevented him from having his cousin's company in his own expeditions and rambles; and he would

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Beechnut better company.	His real name.	His history.
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have complained of it more, were it not that when Wallace went with him on these expeditions, he was generally very silent and thoughtful, and so not a very agreeable companion. Sometimes he even took a book with him to read on the way.

Phonny liked to have the company of Beechnut, as the children called him—a French boy from Canada that lived at his mother's—much better than that of Wallace. Beechnut was always full of frolicking and drollery, and both Phonny and Malleville liked to be with him very much indeed. But then he could not very often go away with them on pleasure excursions, because he had to stay and attend to his work at home.

This boy's real name was not Beechnut, but Antoine Bianchinette. The way in which he came to be called Beechnut was this. He was a French boy, having been brought up in Paris and well taught there, until he was about ten years old. Then his father set out to come across the Atlantic with him, intending to settle in Canada, where a great many French people live. After living in Canada for a time, his father concluded to remove into the United States, and taking with him all the money that

he had, in a bag, and a supply of provisions to eat by the way, he and Antoine undertook to travel across through the woods from Canada to the United States, on foot. The money was in gold, and so the bag was not very heavy.\* In the midst of the journey, Antoine's father fell sick and died, and Antoine had to come the remainder of the way alone. At last he ate up all the provisions that he had, and then began to live upon what the farmers would give him as he came along, and sometimes upon the beechnuts that he found in the woods. In this way he came on for two or three days, and then reached Franconia. Walking along the road, he came to Mrs. Henry's house. He was tired and hungry, and so he stopped. He went and sat down upon a mounting-stone which stood in a corner of the yard,—that is, a stone with a step by the side of it, which was used for mounting horses. He sat there waiting for somebody to see him from the house, and come and offer him something to eat.

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\* Gold is in itself heavier than silver, but it is so much more valuable that any given sum in silver is very much heavier than the same amount in gold. The bag of gold which Antoine's father had to carry weighed about two pounds.

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His mode of traveling.He reaches Mrs. Henry's.

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This was what he always did in such cases. He would not beg. He was too proud to beg. At all the farm-houses where he stopped as he came along, he never would go to the door and ask for any thing,—but would sit down upon a log or a stone near the house until he perceived that the people saw him. Then, he knew, if they were kind-hearted people, and wished to help him, they would come out and ask him where he was going, and if any thing was the matter; and if they were not kind-hearted and desirous to help him, he did not wish for their help. He would rather go on alone and live on beechnuts.

He had plenty of money with him, it is true, in his bag, but it was all in very large and valuable gold pieces, and he did not think that the farmers would be willing to change them. Besides, he thought that it would not be safe to have it known that he had so much money in his possession. He was afraid that he might be robbed.

Accordingly, when Antoine reached Mrs. Henry's house, he sat down upon the mounting-stone, which seemed to be the most convenient seat that he could find, and waited patiently, eating the beechnuts from time to time, which

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Phonny goes out to see him.Conversation between them.

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he had brought with him in his pockets. At last Phonny, who was at that time about seven years old, saw him there. He went and told his mother that there was a boy out upon the mounting-stone, with a pack on his back and a cane in his hand, as if he were a traveler. Mrs. Henry immediately gave Phonny leave to go and ask him what his name was, and whether he had been traveling far, and was hungry. So Phonny went out toward the mounting-stone. He advanced cautiously and timidly toward the stranger, and accosted him with,

“My mother wants to know if you have been traveling very far.”

“About—” here Antoine hesitated as if making a calculation. He was running over in his mind the distance from Paris to Havre, from Havre across the ocean to Montreal, and from Montreal to Franconia. “About four thousand five hundred miles, as near as I can tell.”

“Oo—oo—what a story!” said Phonny.

Antoine made no reply to this exclamation, but went on eating his beechnuts.

The beechnut is a small three-cornered nut, which grows, two together, in a husk or burr. Each of the two nuts has a tender shell or cov-

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Phonny is perplexed.He reports to his mother.

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ering like that of the chestnut, which may be pulled off by help of the thumb nail. The kernel of the nut has a rich and sweet taste like that of the almond.

“What is your name?” asked Phonny.

“Antoine Bianchinette,” said the boy.

Phonny conned over this singular name a moment in silence. He could not make any thing of the first part of it. Antoine pronounced it as if it had been spelled *Antwoine*. Phonny thought that the second word was meant for Beechnut.

“Where are you going?” asked Phonny, after a little pause.

“I don’t know,” said Antoine, shaking his head mournfully.

“Are you hungry?” asked Phonny.

“Yes,” said Antoine, “I am hungry and tired, and sleepy and cross.”

Phonny looked at this strange visitor for a moment, puzzled and perplexed, and then went in and told his mother that the boy out there said that he had walked five thousand miles that day, and that his name was Beechnut.

His mother, and all who heard this, laughed at the manifest absurdity of it, but Phonny persisted that that was what the boy had told him.



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Mrs. Henry invites Beechnut in.He remains at Mrs. Henry's.

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He might possibly be wrong, he said, about the distance, but he was positive in regard to the name.

"I am *sure*," said Phonny, very earnestly, "that he said his name was Beechnut, only he did not pronounce it very well."

Mrs. Henry sent out to invite the stranger to come in. She gave him some supper, and then becoming more and more interested in him and in his story, she invited him to remain all night. Beechnut thankfully accepted the invitation. He amused Phonny very much all the evening in the kitchen, by drawing droll pictures upon the slate. He had learned to draw in France, and having a great deal of originality of mind, he invented, in making his drawings, a great number of singular scenes and figures, and wrote humorous inscriptions under them in verse. Phonny was continually carrying the slate into the parlor to show the pictures to his mother.

Mr. Henry was then away from home, but Mrs. Henry finding that Antoine, as she called him, or Beechnut, as Phonny called him, was a remarkable boy, she kept him at the house until Mr. Henry returned. Mr. Henry engaged him to stay with him and work about the house and in the family for wages. All this time Antoine

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His disposition of his money.His names.

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said nothing about his money, but kept it hid under a board which he contrived to get up from the floor of the barn. He wished to wait until he could ascertain positively that Mr. Henry was a trustworthy man. When at length he was satisfied on this point, he told Mr. Henry about his money, and brought it to him to put it under his care. Mr. Henry was very much surprised. He, however, took the money, and put it out at interest, for Antoine's future benefit.

The family found it rather difficult to pronounce the name *Antoine*, as Antoine himself pronounced it, and so they concluded to call him Antonio, which is another form of the same name, and which Antoine said was "just as well." The children, however, preferred to continue calling him Beechnut, which he said was "a little better." In the village he was generally called Antony, and some of the village boys shortened this sometimes to Tony,—so that he had a great variety of appellations. He was, however, very good-natured, and he did not care what they called him.

Antonio had a great many singular adventures in the course of his long travels, but there is not time to describe them here. They will

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Wallace in his alcove.

Phonny's errand there.

He enters.

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be given in the volume of this series entitled BEECHNUT.

Beechnut came to Mr. Henry's house, as has already been said, two or three years before the time at which this story commences. He had become a great favorite with all who knew him. Wallace, however, did not yet know him very well.

One pleasant summer morning, Wallace was seated in the alcove where he was accustomed to study, engaged in his usual occupations. There was a great book upon the table before him, and also a manuscript book in which he was writing from time to time. The great book was a volume of an Encyclopedia. The rest of the volumes of the work were on the shelves in the alcove.

While Wallace was sitting in this manner at his work, with the window open and the birds singing upon the trees in the yard and garden without, the door opened and Phonny came into the room. He was coming to see if he could not persuade Wallace to go down to the river and get a boat and go a fishing that morning. Malleville was behind him. As soon as he opened the door he said to Malleville,

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The curtains.

The step-ladder.

Wallace very busy.

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“Yes, we can speak to him. The curtains are up.”

There were curtains before Wallace's alcove, and the rule was, that if one curtain was down, the children must not speak to Wallace unless it was absolutely necessary to do so. If both were down, they could not speak to him at all. Phonny and Malleville advanced to the table. Phonny leaned upon the edge of it and began to look upon the manuscript book in which Wallace had been writing. There was a drawing of some machinery in it. Malleville went and sat down upon what she called the upper seat of a little library step-ladder, which Wallace kept in his alcove to get down his books with.

When Phonny saw how busy Wallace was with his studies, he began to despair of getting him to go a fishing.

“Oh dear me!” said he, with a long sigh. “I wish, cousin Wallace, you were not quite so fond of studying all the time.”

Wallace smiled, but went on measuring something in the drawing of the machinery, with a pair of dividers.

“And I suppose you wish that *I* was a little *more* fond of it,” continued Phonny.

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Phonny's complaints.Conversation about studying.

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"Oh no," said Wallace; "not at all. I am always afraid when I see a small boy too fond of study."

"Why?" exclaimed Phonny. He was quite surprised to hear Wallace express such an opinion.

"Why are you afraid?" asked he.

"Because boys of your age, if they are in good health, are always more fond of play."

"Well, I am sure I like to play best," said Phonny. "I rather think that I am in pretty good health."

"Yes," said Wallace, "and I am very glad of it."

"I like to read story-books," said Malleville, timidly.

"Hoh!" said Phonny, "that isn't studying."

"The great business of a child," said Wallace, "until he is about ten years old, is to run about and play—at least that is what it is best for him to *like*. That makes him grow strong and rugged. After he is ten or twelve, it is time for him to begin to like study."

"I mean to tell my mother that," said Phonny, "and she will let me play all the time."

"No," said Wallace, "I did not say that you ought not to study, but that I did not care about

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The Encyclopedia.Studying about sugar estates.

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your *liking* it particularly. Boys ought to begin to learn long before they are ten years old, and in order to learn, they must study,—but I think it is much better for them to be *required* to study by the authority of their parents and teachers, than to like it on its own account. They ought to make no difficulties or objections, but they can not be expected really to like it.”

Here Phonny’s eyes happened to fall upon what is called the running title which was printed upon the top of the page of Wallace’s Encyclopedia. The words were SUGAR ESTATES.

“What are sugar estates?” asked Phonny.

“They are estates in the West Indies where they make sugar,” said Wallace. “I am reading about them. I want to know about them.”

“What do you want to know about them for?” asked Phonny. “You do not expect ever to go to the West Indies and make sugar on a sugar estate, do you?”

“No,” said Wallace, “but then I expect to be a man of business of some kind or other, and I want to get all the information I possibly can about every thing that is going on in the world. It will be of use to me in some way or other.”

"I don't see how it can be of any use to you to know about sugar estates, if you are never going there," said Phonny.

"Why, suppose," rejoined Wallace, "that I should be a lawyer, in New York, and some great sugar planter should come to me with a law case connected with the affairs of his estate, how convenient it would be for me to know something about the business beforehand."

"I don't see why you could not find it out just as well then," said Phonny. "You could have an Encyclopedia in your office, and might read about it then."

"Yes," said Wallace, "and very likely that would cost me twenty dollars."

"No," said Phonny, "I don't think it would cost you any thing at all. You could take your Encyclopedia right down from your shelf and read it."

"Yes, but that would take time. A lawyer's working time in New York is worth at least two dollars an hour, if he is in good practice. Now I have been reading about sugar estates two hours this morning, and have got three hours more to read before I get through. That is five hours. All this I may save for myself,

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Wallace's motive in studying.Making sugar of sap.

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in the value of time, hereafter, which will then be worth two dollars an hour."

"That only makes ten dollars," said Phonny, "and you said twenty."

"True," said Wallace, "but if by my work to-day I can get *ten* dollars by and by, it will be doing pretty well."

Here there was a short pause. Phonny was reflecting upon what Wallace had said.

"But, Wallace, I thought you were studying for the pleasure of it, and not to earn money."

"Well," said Wallace, "it is for the pleasure of it in some sense ; but then it is my idea of the usefulness of the knowledge that I am acquiring that makes the acquiring of it pleasant."

"Wallace," said Phonny again, after another short pause, "Malleville and I know how to make sugar. Don't we, Malleville?"

"Yes," said Malleville, "we made a little, once."

"We made it last spring out of the sap from the sugar trees," said Phonny.

"How much did you make?" asked Wallace.

"Why the first day," said Phonny, "we ate it all up, trying it while it was boiling, but afterwards we made some and carried it home."

"Was it good sugar?" asked Wallace.



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The West India mode.Phonny's opinion.

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"Yes," said Phonny, "only it was candy rather than sugar, and pretty bitter, for we got it burnt."

Phonny said this with a very grave face,—in fact the expression of his countenance was quite mournful, as he recalled to mind the disappointment and regret which he experienced on the occasion referred to, at finding that his candy was burnt. Wallace made an effort to look sober too, but he could not help laughing.

"In the West Indies," said Wallace, "they do not make sugar in that way, that is, by tapping trees to get the sap. They make it from the juice of the sugar-cane, which they grind up in mills, and then press out the juice by means of heavy machinery."

Saying this, Wallace turned to the plates in the Encyclopedia, and showed Phonny and Malleville the engravings representing the machinery by which the juice was expressed from the canes. The machinery was very complicated, and Phonny could not understand it very well. Malleville could not understand it at all. Phonny said that he thought tapping was a great deal the best plan. If he lived in the West Indies, and had a sugar estate, he would tap the canes and catch the juice in bottles, instead of

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Phonny's criticism upon Wallace's drawing.

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having all that machinery which nobody could understand.

Then Wallace turned to his own manuscript, and showed the drawings which he had made, which were much more simple in character than those in the book, being intended to represent only the essential parts of the machinery, such as the rollers between which the canes were crushed and pressed, and the cog-wheels by which the rollers were driven. Phonny understood this better than the other, but he said that he did not think that Wallace could draw very well.

"Beechnut," said he, "can make a great deal prettier pictures than these."

"Yes," said Wallace, "I wish I could draw better. I have heard that Beechnut can draw. When did he learn?"

"He learned in Paris, he says," replied Phonny.

"In Paris?" said Wallace.—"Indeed! Then perhaps he *can* draw. They are famous for drawing well in Paris. I should like to see some of his drawing. Have you got any of it?"

"No," said Phonny,—"but I can get him to draw me something, if you wish to see. I can go and do it now."

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Beechnut's drawing.Phonny undertakes to get a specimen.

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"Well," said Wallace, "I wish you would."

"I will on one condition," replied Phonny.

"What is that?" asked Wallace.

"Why, that you will go a fishing with me."

"Go a fishing!" repeated Wallace. He took out his watch and reflected a moment, and then said he would go, provided the drawing was a good one.

"Ah!" said Phonny. "But who is to decide that?"

"I'll decide it," said Wallace,—“or no, Malleville shall decide. Only Beechnut shall draw it off-hand, just as he always does. You shall not tell him that it is for me.”

"Well," said Phonny. "He is out in the garden *now*. I'll go right and ask him. You must give me a pencil and paper, and pens and ink."

"You don't want pencil and pen both," said Wallace.

"Yes," rejoined Phonny. "He always makes a little sketch first in pencil, and then finishes it in ink."

So Wallace gave Phonny a piece of smooth but thick white paper, which he put between the leaves of a small book, that it might not get tumbled in the carrying. He also gave him a

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He finds Beechnut in the garden.The drawing.

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pencil and a pen, and a small pocket inkstand, the top to which fastened down by a spring. Malleville wanted to carry something, and so Phonny gave her the book.

Thus equipped, the children went down into the garden. They found Beechnut raking out the walks which led along the borders. When Phonny told him that he came to ask him to draw him a picture, he said that he would do so if Phonny and Malleville would, in the mean time, go on with the raking. This they agreed to do. Beechnut accordingly took his seat upon a stone bench, and placed the drawing materials which the children had brought down, by his side.

“What shall I draw you?” said Beechnut, as he was sharpening the pencil.

“Oh, whatever you please,” said Phonny. “Make us up something.”

Beechnut then went to work with the pencil, and Phonny with the rake. In about a quarter of an hour, he called them and told them the picture was ready.

Phonny and Malleville put down the rake and came to see it. It was a picture of an old woman with a basket filled with children instead of clothes, which she was hanging out on

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The drawing finished.Beechnut's poetry.

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a line. Underneath was written, MRS. PHIDGETT, and beneath that there was this couplet:

Whenever she washed her children she hung them out to dry,  
Because she thought, if she left them wet, they'd all catch  
cold and die.



BEECHNUT'S DRAWING.

The children looked at the picture very attentively a minute or two, and read the writing that was under it, and then, laughing heartily, they ran off with it to Wallace.

Malleville decided that it was a very good picture indeed, and Wallace said that he would

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Question of right in respect to the drawing.

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go a fishing. He was going to put the picture away in his drawer, but Phonny claimed it as his.

"No," said Wallace, "it is mine, and I am going a fishing with you to pay for it."

"No," said Phonny, "I did not say the picture should be yours. I was only going to get it and show it to you."

"Well, I'll put it in the drawer now," replied Wallace, "while we go a fishing, and we will settle the question whose it is some other time."

So they went a fishing.

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▲ party planned.Question about the invitations.

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## CHAPTER II.

## GIVING INVITATIONS.

ONE day Malleville was going to have a party, and she had great difficulty in getting the invitations written. Her aunt recommended that she should have the wagon brought out, and let Phonny drive her around to all the places where the girls lived whom she was going to invite, and ask them herself verbally. But Malleville said that she wanted the invitations written. If she could only once get the notes written, she should like very much to have the wagon and go and give them out.

“Well,” said Mrs. Henry, “then you and Phonny must write the invitations yourselves.”

“But I can’t write well enough,” said Malleville. “I wish you would write them for us, aunt Henry ;—just this once.”

“I would do it, if I had time,” said Mrs. Henry, “but I shall have a great deal to do to get ready for your party, in respect to other things more necessary than written invitations ”

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Phonny offers to write them.The sitting-room.

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“Never mind,” said Phonny, who had been standing by during this conversation, “come with me ; *I* can write them.”

This conversation had taken place in Mrs. Henry’s chamber. Phonny proposed that he and Malleville should go down into the sitting-room, and write the invitations there. The sitting-room was a large and pleasant room on the back side of the house. It had several windows which opened out into a pretty, green yard, between the house and the garden. It was a very pleasant room both in summer and in winter. In winter there was always a blazing wood-fire in the great fire-place. In the summer, the fire-place was closed up with a fire-board, which had a beautiful picture upon it. One of the windows opened down to the floor, and by means of this window the children could go out into the yard. There was a seat in this yard near the house ; that is, there was a sort of bench which was made for a seat ; but Phonny and Malleville often used it for a table. It was just high enough for a table for them. And two little stools, or crickets, as they called them, which they had, answered very well for seats. The children were accustomed to use this place a great deal in their various



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The children's writing apparatus.They begin.

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plans of amusement, in the summer afternoons.

In this instance, however, they did not at first go out to the seat in the yard, but put their papers and writing materials upon a table in the sitting-room. They had an inkstand which was fastened securely in the middle of a round pan, so that it could not be upset. In addition to this precaution, Mrs. Henry had taken care to put into the inkstand not *free* ink, which would run out, but only a wad of cotton with ink sufficient to saturate it. This wad would give out a part of its charge when pressed with a pen, but otherwise it held it securely, even if the inkstand were turned upside down. The children were also always required to spread down a newspaper upon the table before they began to write, and thus, if by any accident they dropped a drop of ink from a pen, it would do no harm. This rule was a rigid one.

Phonny and Malleville accordingly, on this occasion, spread out their newspaper upon the table, and then put the inkstand upon the middle of it. They got some note-papers also, and two pens, and then brought chairs to the table, and sat down to the work.

Malleville dipped her pen into the inkstand,

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Malleville's misfortunes.One invitation written.

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and in her eagerness to get ink enough, she pressed the cotton so hard as to take up too much, and a drop fell upon her note-paper.

"There," said she, "now I've spoilt my invitation!"

"You must take another paper," said Phonny; "and you must not squeeze up so much ink."

Malleville tried again, and now avoided the danger of taking up too much ink; but she met with new disasters of various kinds, and so she finally concluded not to try any more herself, but to let Phonny write the invitations. Phonny had been busy writing for some time, and she asked him to read what he had written Phonny did so.

"Yes," said Malleville, "that is right,—only I want you to tell her to come as early as she can."

"Well," said Phonny, "I'll put that in."

So Phonny wrote a little longer, and then read the whole invitation aloud from beginning to end. It was as follows :—

"Miss Malleville requests the compliments of Augusta's company to-morrow. And come as early as you can."

Phonny wrote one or two more invitations,

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Visit to Wallace.Conversation in the alcove.

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varied a little perhaps in the phraseology from this, but all to the same purport. He became tired, however, before he had got half the necessary number written, and he concluded that the reason why he was tired was because the table was so high. So he and Malleville determined to move their things all out to the seat in the yard, and work there. Phonny wrote one more invitation there, and then he proposed to Malleville that they should go up and see if they could not get Wallace to write some of the invitations for them.

“Well,” said Malleville, “so we will.”

They accordingly went up stairs. They found Wallace as usual in his alcove; but the curtains were both down. When, however, Wallace heard them open the door, he raised the curtains. He supposed that they wished to speak to him, and he was willing to hear what they had to say. The children accordingly advanced to the alcove table, and told Wallace what they wanted.

“We have written six,” said Phonny, showing Wallace the notes which he held, all folded up neatly, in his hand.

“And how many more are there to be written,” asked Wallace.

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Wallace writes an invitation for Mary Bell.

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"Why there is Mary Bell, and Caroline, and one, two, three, four, five more," said Phonny, looking at his list, and counting.

"Well," said Wallace, "I'll write one for Mary Bell."

"And for Caroline too," said Malleville. "We want good ones for Mary Bell and Caroline, because they are older than the rest."

"I'll write one for Mary Bell," said Wallace, "but you must get somebody else to write one for Caroline."

So Wallace took out a sheet of small note-paper, from a little portfolio which he kept in a drawer, and began to write.

"Tell her to come early," said Malleville.

"How early?" asked Wallace.

"Oh, as early as three," replied Malleville.

Wallace then went on and finished the invitation, as follows:—

"Miss Malleville Henry requests the pleasure of Miss Mary Bell's company to-morrow afternoon at three o'clock."

"Yes," said Phonny, "that's exactly right."

While Phonny was saying this, Wallace began to draw a little picture of grass and flowers near the upper left-hand corner of the

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The embellishment.

*"Wallace scripsit."*

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sheet, at the place where such ornaments are often printed upon note-paper.

"That's very pretty," said Malleville, when he had finished it.

Wallace made no reply to this, but began immediately to write something in a very fine hand along one of the blades of grass. It was very fine, so that Phonny and Malleville could scarcely read it. Phonny at last made it out to be, "*Wallace scripsit.*"

"What does that mean?" asked Phonny.

"That is latin," said Wallace.

"But what does it mean?" asked Phonny.

"You must guess," said Wallace. "And now you must go away. I can't do any thing more for you."

"I wish you would just write one for Caroline," said Phonny.

"No," said Wallace. "Beechnut will write you one for Caroline, perhaps; and he can put a much prettier picture in it, than I have put in Mary Bell's."

"Well," said Phonny, turning to Malleville, "let us go and ask Beechnut."

Phonny was going to take Mary Bell's invitation, and put it with those which he had written himself, but Wallace first enclosed it

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The children go to Beechnut, in the garden.

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in a small envelope, and sealed it with sealing-wax,—stamping it, while the wax was hot, with a little seal. He then wrapped it up, envelope and all, in a piece of newspaper, to keep it from getting soiled; and he charged Phonny not to tumble it. In this shape Phonny put it among his other notes, and he and Malleville went to find Beechnut.

They found him as usual in the garden. Beechnut's work at this time of the year was in the garden, as there were a great many borders, beds, and alleys to be taken care of. He kept them all in very nice order. He was now at work near the arbor. When Phonny and Malleville got to the place, they told Beechnut that they had come to ask him to write some invitations for them; and so they all went into the arbor, and sat down to talk about it.

"We have got so many written," said Phonny; and he showed Beechnut the bundle of notes which he held in his hands. Beechnut read two or three of them, with a very grave face, and then folding them up and giving them back to Phonny, he said,—

"I don't see how I can leave my work very well to write invitations for a party. Besides,

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The Invitation Song.Beechnut sings it.

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you have got enough. You can invite the others just as well without writing. I know a little song, called The Invitation, which I could teach you all to sing when the party comes."

"What is it?" asked Malleville. "Sing it to us."

"It is addressed to a girl named Mary Ann," said Beechnut. "This is it." So he began and sung as follows:

"Come and see me, Mary Ann,  
This afternoon at three;  
Come as early as you can,  
And stay till after tea.

"We'll jump the rope, we'll dress the doll,  
We'll feed my sister's birds,  
And read my little story books,  
All full of easy words.

"So come and see me, Mary Ann,  
This afternoon at three;  
Come as early as you can,  
And stay till after tea."

"What a pretty song," said Malleville. "It would do very well for me to send for an invitation, only I have not got any sister, and she has not got any birds."

"The tune is very easy," said Beechnut. "You can all learn to sing it very soon."

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Beechnut is to teach the song to the party.

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"Well," said Malleville, "and you will come in and teach it to us when the girls come?"

"No," replied Beechnut; "you must all come out here in the garden to me, and learn it here. Scholars go to the teacher, not the teacher to the scholars. When your party get together and have played in the house till they are pretty merry, bring them all out here, and I will teach them. I will play the tune on my flageolet."

Beechnut had a very pretty flageolet.

The plan which Beechnut thus proposed, was fully approved by both Malleville and Phonny, and they agreed that if he would teach them the song, they would not ask him to write any invitations. They would go themselves and invite the girls that were to come, but in order not to lose the benefit of what they had already written, they determined to take the notes which they had prepared, and deliver them, as far as they would go, to the various persons to whom they were addressed, after previously inviting them verbally, in order to avoid all possibility of mistake. They determined especially to do this in the case of Mary Bell, since Wallace had taken so much pains to write the invitation for her.

Phonny and Malleville met with various ad



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Delivering the invitations.The road to the village.

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ventures in delivering their invitations. They went in the wagon. It was arranged that Phonny was to drive, but Beechnut harnessed the wagon and made all ready. Phonny was scarcely old enough to drive a wagon; but as he was a careful boy, and as the road to the village was wide and plain, and especially as there was no occasion to turn, since there was a sort of triangle of roads at the village, which Phonny could go round when he was ready to come home, it was considered safe for him to drive when they were only going to the village and back. It is true he might meet with some unexpected accident, but then all drivers are liable to meet with accidents. A certain degree of danger is always incurred when we mount into a vehicle on wheels, to be drawn by a horse, even on a well-traveled road.

Caroline's home was in a large and handsome house in the village. Mary Bell, on the other hand, lived in a small but very pleasant farmhouse, up the glen. Caroline's father was a man of business. He had a large family, and he received a great deal of company. Mary Bell led a very retired life, alone with her mother. Caroline liked society. Mary Bell enjoyed seclusion. They were both very ami-

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The list.	Malleville's basket.	A pleasant ride.
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able and excellent girls, though they were very different from each other in disposition and character.

Besides Caroline and Mary Bell, there were various other girls to be invited. These others lived in different places in the village and along the road. Phonny had taken the precaution to make a list of them, with the names arranged in the order in which it would be most convenient to call upon them in passing along the roads. This list, together with all the invitations which had been written, was safely deposited in a small basket which Malleville carried in her lap, when she was seated in the wagon.

Leaving the yard by the great gate, Phonny turned the horse into the road which led toward the village. The road followed the bank of the river, which was very beautiful, presenting to the view, in some places, a winding sandy beach, and in others a fringe of drooping willows, with here and there a little promontory projecting into the water, and surmounted with a grove of trees. Phonny and Malleville rode on without any special adventure, until at length, just before they reached the village, they saw at a distance before them, a girl walking along

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They meet Sarah.

No note for her.

They invite her verbally.

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toward them. She was walking in a little path by the side of the road. As soon as Malleville came near her she knew who it was.

“Ah, Sarah,” said she. “I am glad this is you. Stop the horse a minute, Phonny.”

So Phonny stopped the horse.

“We are coming to invite you to my party,” said Malleville. “Perhaps I have got an invitation for you in this basket. I will look and see.”

So saying, Malleville began to look over the notes in the basket, to see if she could find one for Sarah.

“When is the party to be?” asked Sarah.

“To-morrow,” said Malleville; “in the afternoon. No, I have ’nt got a written invitation for you. We could not write so many notes.”

“But that’s no matter,” said Phonny. “It is all the same thing; we want you to come to-morrow,—in the afternoon,—as early as you can.”

“Well,” said Sarah, “I will ask my mother.”

Phonny and Malleville then bade her good-bye and rode on.

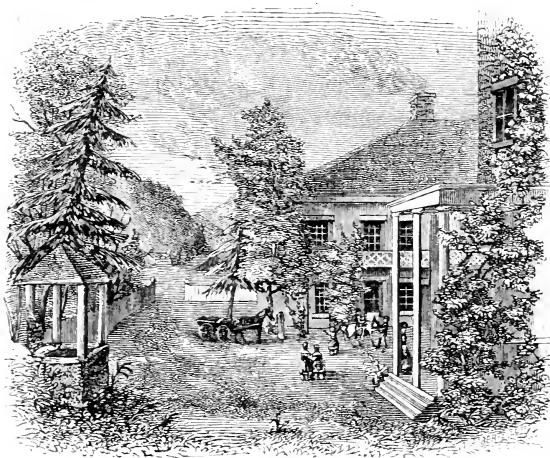
When they reached the house where Caroline lived, they drove in at a large gate which was open, and which led into a spacious yard by

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The house where Caroline lived.The yard.

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the side of the house. The yard was very large and very pleasant. Phonny drove the horse up to a post which stood under a tree, at the corner of the house. He got out of the wagon himself, fastened the horse to the post, and then helped Malleville out. They then advanced together into the yard.



CAROLINE'S PONY.

At a little distance before them they saw Caroline and some other girls, her company, amusing themselves in riding a black pony, near a piazza. The pony belonged to Caro-

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Caroline's pony.Caroline dismounts.

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line. Her father had bought it expressly for her. Phonny and Malleville advanced toward the pony party.

Caroline was mounted upon the pony herself, though some of the other girls were asking her to let them ride. She said that she would, presently; and, in the mean time, she sat upon the horse in a very graceful attitude, and looked pleased and happy. When she saw Phonny and Malleville coming, she began to ride towards them to meet them.

“Oh what a pretty pony!” said Malleville.

After speaking to Phonny and Malleville very politely, and saying that she was glad to see them, Caroline rode back to the piazza. After a time she dismounted, and allowed some of the other girls to take her place and ride. They were all very eager to do so. They could mount very easily by means of the steps of the piazza, and the pony was very quiet and gentle. The girls praised and admired him very much, but Caroline said that she did not like him very well. He was too small for her. He would do very well for a little girl.

“I am going,” she said, “to get my father to buy me a handsome saddle horse,—a white

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Phonny and Malleville invite Caroline to the party.

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one,—perfectly white. I keep teasing him about it every day, and he almost says yes.”

Malleville told Caroline that she had come to invite her to her party, and Caroline said that she should be very happy to come. Malleville then looked over her basket to find the invitation destined for her. It is true that they had not succeeded in inducing Beechnut to write one, but then they had made one for her by writing her name upon the outside of the one which had been intended for Augusta; for, as Caroline was older than Augusta, they thought it better that the written invitation should go to her. Malleville proposed at first to erase Augusta's name, where it occurred on the inside of the note, and write Caroline's instead, so that the inside and the outside might correspond. But Phonny said that that would only make a blot, and that it would do just as well as it was, since they were to see Caroline, and they could tell her that they meant the invitation really and truly for her.

After Malleville had delivered the note, and made the necessary explanations, and had also distributed quite a number of other invitations to the girls who were present at this time, and

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The canary bird.

The conservatory.

The cabinet.

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who, as it fortunately happened, were all of them on the list of persons to be invited, Caroline proposed to her and to one or two of the other girls to go into the house, and see her canary bird, and her mother's conservatory. They went in very readily, leaving the other girls to ride the pony while they were gone. Phonny was very much interested in seeing the canary bird, and in hearing it sing. Caroline, however, appeared to care very little about it. She showed her visitors the conservatory too, which was a small place full of beautiful plants and flowers. They did not appear to be particularly pretty, but Caroline showed them several which she said were very rare and costly. The rooms that Malleville went into were all very beautifully furnished. There was a sort of ebony box or cabinet upon a table in the back parlor, which Caroline said contained her treasures. She got the key and opened this cabinet, and brought out from the various divisions and drawers, a number of rings, and bracelets, and chains, and miniatures set in gold. The other girls seemed very much interested in these things; but Malleville did not care much about them, nor about the canary bird, nor the conservatory, nor about the

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Caroline's opinion of jewelry.She is displeased.

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beautiful furniture. She had seen a great many such things in New York.

In fact, Caroline perceived that Malleville was not very much interested in viewing her treasures, though the other girls expressed a great deal of admiration and delight. Caroline seemed to be, or pretended to be, quite indifferent to them herself. She said, in fact, that she did not value them at all. She never *did* care any thing about jewelry, she said.

Malleville had observed before this, that there were several rings on Caroline's fingers, and she was just going to say,

"Then what do you wear so many rings for?"

But she doubted whether it would be quite polite, and after a moment's pause Caroline added, addressing Malleville,

"And then, I suppose, such things don't appear of much consequence to you. I dare say you have seen a great deal prettier things than these in New York."

"Yes," said Malleville, "I have."

Caroline made no reply to this,—and, in fact, she looked a little offended, though Malleville did not see what there was to be displeased about. Caroline shut up her cabinet in a very



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The ride to Mary Bell's.Situation of the house.

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dignified manner, and went away. The other girls followed her, and presently Phonny and Malleville got into their wagon and drove out of the yard.

They delivered several other notes and verbal invitations in the village, and then began to ride along a very pleasant road which led toward the house where Mary Bell resided.

The road was 'smooth and level, though there were high precipices and mountains at a short distance on either hand. There was a wide border of very smooth green grass on one side of the road, with a foot-path running along in the middle of it. Beyond the grass was a fence, and beyond the fence there were fields waving with grain. On the other side of the road there was a wood, with winding roads here and there leading into it, every one of which Malleville, as she came to them successively, wished particularly to explore. But Phonny said it would not be safe to leave the wagon.

After a little while they came in sight of Mary Bell's house. It stood back from the road, under some ancient trees. It was built of gray stones, but it had green blinds. There was a great gate which led in toward the house, but the gate was shut, and so Phonny could not

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The yard.Mary Bell comes to meet them.

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drive in. There was a post outside of the great gate. Phonny got out of the wagon and fastened the horse at this post, and then he helped Malleville out. There was a small gate by the side of the great gate. Phonny opened the small gate, and he and Malleville went in.

There was a pleasant path winding along toward the house, with high grass, and here and there a rose or lilac bush, on each side of it. Phonny and Malleville walked along this path, and very soon they saw Mary Bell. She came running along in the path to meet them. She said that she was very glad to see them. She knew Phonny and Malleville very well, though Malleville had never been to see her at her mother's house before.

Mary Bell led the children around to a very pleasant yard behind the house. There was a pretty little garden here against the side of the house. Mary Bell said it was her garden. It was very small, but it had a great many beautiful flowers growing in it. There was a large moss-rose bush at one end near the wall, which Mary said was her favorite. It had a great many buds upon it, and several roses fully or partly blown. In fact it was overloaded with foliage and flowers, so that the branches were

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The little garden.

The moss-rose bush.

Malleville's bouquet.

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borne down on every side. Mary said that she needed a trellis for it, but she did not know how to get one.

She lifted up the branches one by one to look at the roses, and at length selected the prettiest one, which was about half blown, and cut it off with a small pair of scissors which she took from her pocket. She then began to walk about the garden in the little paths, to find some other flowers to give to Malleville with the moss-rose. Malleville was so much interested in the garden and in the flowers, that she forgot for a time the invitation which she had for Mary Bell in her basket. After Mary Bell had gathered the flowers, she went to the step of the door, which was formed of a large and flat stone. This stone, though smooth, was irregular in its form, as it was in its natural state, just as it had been found in the pastures. Mary Bell sat down here, with Phonny on one side and Malleville upon the other, and began to arrange the flowers which she had gathered, into a bouquet.

There was a well at a little distance from the step of the door, and a narrow path, made of flat stones of various shapes, imbedded in the ground, leading to it. The grass was very green and rich on each side of the path. There

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The well.

Mary Bell's drawing of it.

The invitation.

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was a flat stone before the well, raised considerably, like a step, with an abundance of soft green moss growing about it. The bucket was made to ascend and descend by a rope and a wheel; and the bucket, wheel, and curb, though sound and strong, were dark with age. A willow, and some other trees, on the sides of the well and beyond it, shaded the spot, and made it look very pleasant and cool.

“What a pretty well,” said Malleville.

“Yes,” replied Mary. “I made a drawing of it once, and the teacher said it was a very pretty subject.”

Malleville and Phonny wished to see the drawing, and Mary said that she would show it to them. So she took them into the house and led them up stairs to her room. The room was a very pleasant chamber, with curtains to the bed and to the windows. In one corner, near a window, was a table with a portable desk upon it. There was a small book-case on the other side, with drawers underneath. Mary Bell opened the drawers and showed Phonny and Malleville her treasures. They consisted of various little gifts and keepsakes, curiosities which had been found in the fields, small and delicate flowers and mosses,

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Mary Bell promises to teach Malleville to draw.

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which had been pressed in a very careful manner, and gummed upon papers in pretty little groups, so that they looked like pressed bouquets. Underneath them were written the names of the girls who were with her when she gathered and pressed them, or of the places where they were found. One of the drawers contained a great variety of materials for drawing and painting, and another, portfolios of pictures which she or her friends had made.

Malleville admired the drawings very much, and said she wished that she could draw.

"You can learn," said Mary Bell. "Come and see me some afternoon, and we will sit up at this table, and I will give you a lesson."

"Oh that reminds me," said Malleville, "I have got an invitation for you. It is in my basket."

So Malleville opened the basket and took out the invitation. Mary Bell read it with a countenance expressive of great interest and pleasure, and then ran off with it to show it to her mother. In a few minutes she returned, and said that her mother had given her leave to go. She then read over her invitation again, and examined the little drawing and the "*Wallace scripsit*," with great attention.

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Phonny and Malleville go away.

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Finally, she put the note away in one of her drawers, among her treasures.

After a little time longer, Phonny and Malleville bade Mary Bell good-bye and went away. Before they went, however, Mary gave Malleville the picture of the well, and Malleville carried it home in the basket for safety. The bouquet of flowers she carried in her hand.

## CHAPTER III.

## THE PARTY.

THE next day Phonny and Malleville were in a state of great excitement all the morning, preparing for the party. There was a table spread with refreshments, in a sort of summer-house, which stood in the midst of a green yard. The refreshments were to consist of sandwiches, cake of two kinds, various pitchers of milk, plates of strawberries, with cream to put upon them, and other such things. The table was set in the forenoon, though the strawberries were not to be put in the plates, nor the milk into the pitchers, until just before the hour which was appointed for the collation. In the mean time, the strawberries were kept in two tin pails, under a seat in the summer-house, in a corner that was very cool, while the milk remained in the pans in the cellar.

The summer-house had a table in the middle of it, and seats around, upon the sides. When the table had been set, and every thing had been properly arranged, the door was shut and

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The girls come to the party.They ramble about the house.

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locked, in order to keep all safe until the afternoon.

The girls began to assemble about three o'clock in the afternoon. The two oldest were Caroline and Mary Bell. Malleville had wondered why, when they were writing the invitations, Wallace had not been as willing to write one for Caroline as for Mary Bell, for Caroline was a very pretty girl indeed, and very accomplished and agreeable. Mary Bell was more gentle, and silent, and still than Caroline. Malleville liked very much to hear Caroline talk, and to have her to come to her parties, she was so active in leading the plays; but after all, she *loved* Mary Bell the most, and was always happiest when she was sitting down, still, by her side.

When the girls were all assembled, the first thing was to run about through all the rooms which were open to them in the house, and look at the picture books and playthings which Malleville and Phonny had put upon the tables for them to see. Then they played a little while in the sitting-room. At last Malleville proposed that they should go out into the garden and learn Beechnut's song.

The party were all very much pleased at this



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They go to the garden.The gate fastened.

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proposal, principally because it would take them into the garden. They all thought much more of the flowers that they expected to see, than of the song. So Malleville led the way, and they all followed, toward the garden gate.

But the gate was fastened. Malleville wondered what this could mean. She asked Phonny to climb over the fence and unfasten it. Phonny thought that Beechnut must have fastened it, and that he must have had some reason for doing it; and so instead of getting over the fence, he climbed up upon it a little way, and called out to Beechnut to come and let them in. When Beechnut heard him calling he came. Instead of opening the gate, however, he stood leaning upon it and looking over the top of it at the group of girls on the other side, with a queer expression of countenance.

“We want to come into the garden,” said , Caroline.

“I don’t know whether I can let such a large party come into my garden,” said Beechnut,—“except on conditions.”

“What are the conditions?” asked Caroline.

“I’ll tell you what they are, one by one,” said Beechnut, “and if you will promise to abide by them, you must all say ‘Agreed.’”

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Negociations with Beechnut.Forbidden Flowers.

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“Very well,” said Caroline; “begin.”

“In the first place, then,” said Beechnut, “you must be very careful not to step upon any of the beds or borders.”

“Agreed!” “Agreed!” said all the children.

“In the second place, you must not gather any flowers,” continued Beechnut.

Several voices said agreed. Others did not answer. Caroline said,

“We shall certainly want you to give us some flowers.”

“I did not say I should not give you any,” replied Beechnut. “I said you must not gather any yourselves.”

“Well, agreed,” said Caroline. Then all the other children said “agreed,” too.

“You may all look around the garden,” continued Beechnut, “and choose three flowers apiece, and I will gather them for you, and give them to you, unless they are the *forbidden* flowers. I can’t give you any of the forbidden flowers.”

“Which are the forbidden flowers?” asked Caroline.

Malleville was all this time standing back behind the other children, with Mary Bell. She seemed very much surprised to hear Beechnut

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Debates about the forbidden flowers.Song to be sung.

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talk in this way, and looking to Mary Bell, she said in a low voice,

“I don’t believe there are any forbidden flowers?”

Beechnut did not hear, or at least did not notice this, but replied to Caroline’s question by saying,

“I can’t tell you what they are beforehand ; you must ask me, when you have chosen your flowers, whether they are forbidden or not. If they are, you must choose again. If not, I will gather them for you, but not until just before you are ready to go out of the garden. Now what do you say to these conditions?”

“Agreed!” said the children.

“There is one thing more,” said Beechnut ; ‘before you go out of the garden, you must sing me a song.’”

The girls all laughed at this, but they did not say agreed. Finally, Beechnut said that he would not insist upon this as a condition, but that if they kept all his other conditions, he would teach them a song, and play the tune of it himself on his flageolet. Then directing Phonny to jump over the fence and open the gate, he turned around and walked away. The gate was opened, and the children were soon

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The children are admitted.Search for flowers.

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running in every direction, all over the garden.

They were soon continually coming to Beechnut and calling him this way and that to look at the flowers which they had found, so as to tell them whether they were forbidden or not. In fact, it was only owing to Beechnut's wish to give them occasions to come and speak to him often, that led him to say any thing about forbidden flowers. There were no forbidden flowers really, and he did not say that there were any ; he only said he could not give them any forbidden flowers. Thus he said nothing that was not true, though the children were for a time misled by what he said.

Beechnut had two reasons for wishing that the children should come and speak to him. First, for his own pleasure. They were all very pleasant girls, and he liked to see them coming to him and looking up into his face to ask a question, with countenances animated with the interest which they all seemed to feel in finding out whether the flowers were forbidden or not. Then again he wanted them to get acquainted a little with him, so that they should not be afraid to sing, when the time came for teaching them their song.

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Caroline is displeased.Her mistake.

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The plan succeeded admirably well. The girls kept coming to him continually, and when he told them that the flowers which they had chosen were forbidden, they took it very good-naturedly, and went to look for others. They all did this excepting Caroline. Caroline, however, felt a little piqued at being told that one of her flowers was forbidden, and she would not look for another to take its place. She told another girl who was walking with her, that if Beechnut was not polite enough to give her such flowers as she wanted, she would not have any. In fact, Caroline was very little accustomed to be refused, and though generally a very good-humored girl, she was yet so fond of attentions, that any thing that appeared at all like a slight, was very apt to awaken her resentment.

She was mistaken, however, in this instance, in her interpretation of the case, as those very frequently are, who are ready to take offence at any fancied slight which they receive. The true reason why Beechnut said that her flower was forbidden, was because she was so beautiful a girl, and there was such a charm in her air and manner when she came to ask him to go and look at her flowers, that he wished to

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The party assemble in the arbor.Beechnut plays.

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give her occasion to come again. He condemned *two* of Mary Bell's flowers afterward for this very reason.

At last when Beechnut thought that the party began to feel enough at home in his presence to make it probable that they could be induced to try to sing, he called them all together around him in the arbor. When they were assembled, he produced his flageolet. He first played them several tunes, which pleased the girls very much. Then he played the tune of the song which he was going to sing to them, two or three times over. Then he sang the song itself, and afterward repeated the words to them, they repeating them after him, line by line, again and again, until they all knew the words. Then he let them sing the words while he accompanied them upon the flageolet. The words and the tune, as they sang and played it, were as follows. If any of the young readers of this story have a sister who plays upon any instrument, or who can sing by note, she can sing and play this song, so that they can hear in some measure how it sounded as performed by Beechnut and the children in the garden.

The Invitation Song.

The children sing it.

COME AND SEE ME, MARY ANN.

Come and see me, Ma-ry Ann, This af-ter-noon at three,  
Come as ear-ly as you can, And stay till af-ter tea.  
We'll jump the rope, We'll dress the doll, We'll feed my sister's birds,  
And read my lit-tle sto-ry books, All full of ea-sy words.  
So come and see me, Ma-ry Ann, This af-ter-noon at three;  
Come as ear-ly as you can, And stay till af-ter tea.

In singing the song, all of the party present joined very cordially in the performance, excepting Caroline. She seemed to feel a little above it. And it is indeed true that this song, both in respect to the words and the tune, was designed for young children, and not for young ladies of twelve or thirteen. But then, as the majority of the party present were of the right age to be interested in the song, the older persons should have joined in it heartily for the

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Caroline stands aloof.Wallace at his window.

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sake of promoting the general enjoyment. Mary Bell did pursue this course. She stood with Malleville near the door of the arbor, and appeared to take great interest in learning both the words and the tune. In fact she liked to hear the song herself very much, although she was much older than the class of children for which it was particularly intended. Besides, she immediately thought that it would be a very pretty song to teach the children who often came to visit her at her mother's.

Caroline, on the other hand, instead of taking any part in the singing, seemed to say, by her haughty air and manner, that such childish music as that was entirely beneath *her* taste and appreciation. She sauntered carelessly about the alley near the door of the arbor, looking first at the flowers near the path, and then more generally around the garden. At last, happening to turn her eyes toward the house, she saw Wallace standing upon the balcony which was before his window, looking down into the garden. She pretended not to have observed him, and yet began to walk along slowly and carelessly toward the gate which led to the house. Wallace, however, paid no attention to her. He was listening to the song.



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The children dance around a weeping willow.

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The children sang the song in the arbor, under Beechnut's direction, several times, in order to learn it perfectly, and then Beechnut went away and resumed his work, leaving the children to themselves. They all wished to go on with the singing a little longer. So they remained and sang the song by themselves several times, under Mary Bell's direction. She formed them into a ring in a small circular area, which had been made in front of the arbor, in laying out the garden. There was a beautiful weeping willow in the center of the area, and the children made their ring around it. It was a very good place to dance in a ring, only the willow in the center, beautiful and graceful as it was in its form, was extremely inappropriate as an emblem on this occasion, inasmuch as that tree, with its long and drooping branches waving in the wind, and presenting such an expression of hopeless dejection and grief, has been always considered as consecrated to sorrow, and not to light-heartedness and joy.

After singing and dancing till they were tired, the children left the garden and went back into the yard, where they played a long time very happily. Here Caroline was the life and soul

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Mary Bell and Caroline.Their demeanor.

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of the party, she was so active and so full of vivacity. She contrived plays, and planned expeditions; she sang songs and told stories, and she had all the time a crowd standing about her when she was still, and following her as she moved along from place to place. Mary Bell was more silent and retiring. She joined sometimes with the rest in Caroline's plays, but at other times she was to be seen walking slowly in the garden, with two or three companions, or sitting apart with them upon some rustic seat or smooth stone. At such times, however, whenever any of the other girls approached the place where she was sitting or walking, she always welcomed them with so cordial a smile as to show that her inclination for quiet and seclusion did not arise from any disposition to withdraw from the company, and isolate herself from them for the purpose of enjoying exclusively the society of two or three of her particular friends. To avoid any appearance of this, which is justly considered in all social gatherings as very impolite, she constantly changed the companions whom she walked with, going sometimes with one and sometimes with another, so as to bestow her attentions equally upon all. This is the course which it

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The collation in the summer-house.

Refreshments.

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is always proper to pursue in parties assembled for social enjoyment.

It is true that it is often very pleasant to enjoy exclusively the society of one or two very near and dear friends, but that is not the kind of enjoyment that we are to seek when assembled in parties of pleasure, and if we attempt to obtain it there, we excite jealousy and mar the general happiness.

Mary Bell, therefore, though more inclined than some of the other girls, to thoughtful and reflective pleasures, was always ready to join in the general plans, and to take her part in the plays which the others proposed. Thus the afternoon passed away very pleasantly. At last the time came for the collation, and all proceeded to the summer-house. The door was unlocked, and they all went in. The strawberries had been placed upon the table, and the cream and the milk had been put into the pitchers. Every thing was ready. The children stood for a few minutes about the table, admiring the arrangement of it, and the abundance of the preparations which had been made for their feast. Then they began gradually to take seats on the benches which had been placed around the sides of the summer-house.

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Proposal for a queen.Caroline elected.

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"I propose," said Caroline, "that we have a queen. I think it would be a good plan to have a queen to preside, and she can appoint some assistants who will carry round the cake, and help to the strawberries and cream."

"Yes," said Mary Bell, "I think that will be a good plan."

"If you all like that plan," said Caroline, "say 'Agreed.'"

The children all said, "agreed." Some of them, quite unnecessarily, said it two or three times.

"I propose that Caroline be appointed queen," said Mary Bell. "If you all like that plan, say 'Agreed.'"

"Agreed!" "Agreed!" said a great many voices. Some, however, said, "No. Mary Bell." "Let Mary Bell be queen."

"It is agreed that Caroline shall be queen," said Mary Bell.

"I think you ought to be queen," said a little girl in a low timid voice, who was sitting next to Mary Bell. Her name was Alice.

"Hush," said Mary Bell. So saying, she put her finger upon her lips, and looked upon Alice with a smile, which showed that though she said

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Debates about who should be queen.Alice's opinion.

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"Hush," she was not displeased with her for having spoken.

Caroline took her place near the head of the table, and commenced the discharge of her duties. She appointed her assistants, and took, through them, the direction of the feast. She performed the duties of her station with great tact and propriety. In fact, she was in all respects admirably qualified to fulfil the functions of a queen.

There were, however, a few who were quite disappointed that Mary Bell had not been made queen, and they came around her while the whole company were busy in eating the cake and the strawberries, and began to express their discontent. The sound of the voices in the summer-house was so incessant, mingled as it was with calls, exclamations, and shouts of laughter, that the malcontents could easily talk together without being overheard by the rest. Some, in fact, had taken their cake and their plates of strawberries, and had gone out at the door of the summer-house, and had taken seats on the steps or on seats outside.

"I think *you* ought to have been the queen," said Alice. "You are the oldest."

"Only a month or two," said Mary Bell.

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Mary Bell sustains Caroline as queen.

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“No, Caroline ought to be the queen, because she was proposed first.”

“That was only because you proposed her,” said Malleville.

“Besides,” said Mary Bell, “I would rather that she should be queen. I think—”

Here Mary Bell paused. What she began to say was, that she thought that Caroline would make a better queen than she herself. She did really think so, but she decided on reflection that she would not say so. She was right in not saying it. It is not only impolite to say any thing directly in *praise* of oneself, but it is in general almost equally impolite to say any thing in *disparagement* of oneself; for remarks of self-disparagement almost always appear as if they were made for the purpose of drawing from the hearers the expression of a contrary opinion.

“But never mind now,” said Mary Bell. “Caroline is chosen, and she makes an excellent queen. I propose that we go into the garden and make a wreath to crown her with. We will keep it a secret until we get it all ready.”

The girls were very much pleased with this proposal, and especially with the idea of keeping it a secret. Mary Bell sent Alice to the queen

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Caroline is crowned as queen.Effects of the coronation.

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to ask her majesty's permission that Mary herself, and three other girls might go away for a short time.

"If she should seem not to be willing," said Mary Bell, "whisper in her ear that it is to get a wreath to crown the queen."

Alice accordingly went to Caroline with the petition, while Mary Bell and the other girls strolled slowly along the path. Caroline said at first that she could not give any of her subjects leave to go away; but when Alice had whispered in her ear what the object was, of the proposed expedition, she consented immediately, and sent word to Mary Bell that she was very much obliged to her for thinking of it.

The children who went with Mary Bell became very much interested in gathering flowers and making the wreath; and by the time that the wreath was finished and carried in, and the queen was crowned with it, the three girls were as warm friends of Caroline's reign as any girls in the party. It was, in fact, with a view to this result that Mary Bell had made the proposal. The plan succeeded perfectly, and every thing went on afterward in a very harmonious manner. Caroline reigned supreme. It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that her posi-

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The children get tired of play.Plans for story telling.

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tion was, after all, any more elevated than that of Mary Bell ; since she who makes a queen, and crowns her, and upholds her power, is certainly, in some respects, higher than the queen herself when made.

After the collation, the children played about the yard for some time, and then, when they had become a little tired of this exercise, the queen proposed that they should go into the sitting-room and sit down quietly for a while, for some still play. They all approved of this proposal, and Phonny said that he would go up into Wallace's room and ask Wallace to come down and tell them a story. He accordingly went under Wallace's window, which, as described in the book called *MALLEVILLE*, had a balcony projecting from it on the outside. It was so arranged that one could open the window and step out upon the balcony. The balcony was supported by two long posts, the lower ends of which rested upon the ground. There were pegs inserted in these posts, at short intervals, intended to support the vines which climbed up, by means of them, to the balcony and window.

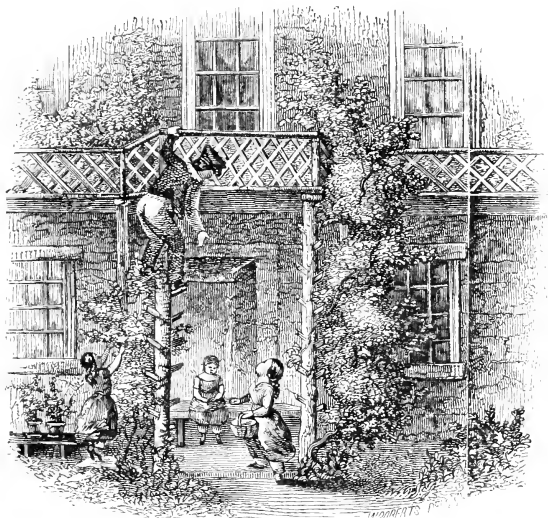
The posts were thus intended as a sort of trellis, but Phonny had been accustomed to use them for ladders, to climb up to the balcony upon,



The trellis.

Phonny climbs up into Wallace's room.

in order to get into Wallace's room through the window, instead of going round through the house and up the stairs.



PHONNY CLIMBING THE TRELLIS.

When Phonny had got to the top of the post, he stopped to look down upon the girls that were playing about the yard below. Some of them had gone into the house, and others were rambling about and gathering flowers underneath the balcony. Phonny was so accustomed to climb up the posts that he could stand upon the pegs at any elevation, almost as much at his ease

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Wallace comes down.    Arrangement of the seats.    The arm-chairs.

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as he could upon one of the upper steps of a stairway.

Phonny came down by way of the stairs, after communicating his request to Wallace, that he would join the party in the sitting-room and tell them a story. Wallace very readily promised to come, though as usual in such cases, he said that he did not know any stories. When Phonny returned to the sitting-room he reported this answer to Caroline, and to the children, who were all assembling there and taking their seats. There were two sofas in the room, which Caroline and Mary Bell drew pretty near together, by a window, in such a manner that by means of a few chairs placed in connection with them, a small space was enclosed. Upon the floor within this space, they put various small benches, and stools, and cushions, for the smaller children to sit upon. As fast as these seats were arranged, the children took possession of them, in little bands, two or three together; though as they generally changed their position several times, running from one seat to another, to see which was best, it was some time before they were all quietly settled. There were two arm-chairs placed opposite to each other, among the other chairs, on different sides of the enclosed

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Wallaco declines being king. He becomes Caroline's prime minister.

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area. One of these arm-chairs was for the queen, and the other for Wallace.

When Wallace came down, the company were all at first somewhat afraid of him. He was considerably older than the oldest of the girls. Malleville told him that Caroline was the queen, and that he must obey her in every particular. In reply to this he made a very low bow to the queen, and said that he should be very happy to be one of her majesty's subjects. Caroline said, however, that she should not be queen any longer; *he* must be king. To this Wallace replied, that he would not be king, and thus usurp her power, but he would, if Caroline pleased, be her majesty's prime minister. This proposal was very cordially seconded by all present, and as Caroline made no objection, it was determined to adopt it. So Wallace assumed the general direction of the meeting, as the prime minister of Queen Caroline

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Wallace proposes subjects.	Malleville first called upon.	Why.
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## CHAPTER IV.

## THE STORY-TELLING.

WALLACE knew very well that if he now began to call upon the children to relate stories, there was danger that they would one and all decline, and would say that they did not know any stories. He thought that he could diminish the danger of this result by aiding them a little in the selection of a subject. So he proposed that the subjects of all the stories should be accidents, misfortunes, and calamities.

"Try to think," said he, "all of you, of some misfortune or accident which has happened to you at some time or other, and let your story be about that. My story is about an accident that happened to me one night in being locked out of my father's house in New York. I shall tell you all about it, when it comes to my turn. In the same manner you can all think of something that has happened to you. I will call upon Malleville first."

The reason why Wallace called upon Malleville first was, that as she was so well acquaint-

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Story of the purple flower-glass.The telegraph wire.

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ed with him, he supposed that she would not be so much afraid as the others, to begin.

“I don’t remember any accident,” said Malleville, “unless I tell you about how I broke my little purple flower-glass.”

“That will do very well,” said Wallace, “I am sure. Tell us all about it.”

“Why, you see,” said Malleville, “I tied it on my telegraph string, and the string broke or slipped off, and the glass fell down into the yard on the pavement, and broke to pieces.”

Here Malleville paused, as if she had finished her story.

“But you must make a longer story of it than that,” said Wallace. “You must tell us what the telegraph string was, and what you were doing with your glass. You must describe the place too, and thus explain the whole affair to us from beginning to end, like the stories in books.”

“Well,” said Malleville, “the telegraph was a wire that you made for Augusta and me, to go from my window up to her balcony. It was in New York. My window and her balcony were both behind the house. Her house is next to ours. There are a great many grape vines there, climbing up among the trellises and the

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Malleville's description of the telegraph.    The basket.    The hook.

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chimneys. The telegraph was a pretty strong wire. You fastened one end of it at her balcony, and the other end at my window, and we could pull things up and down on it."

"How could you fasten them on?" said Caroline.

"Why, we had a hook,—a kind of a double hook; one end hooked upon the wire, and the other hung down a little, so that I could hook everything upon it which I wished to send up to Augusta."

"How could you make it go up?" asked Augusta.

"Oh, she pulled it up with a string," said Malleville. "There was a string fastened to the hook, and one end of it was fastened to Augusta's balcony. The string was so long, that when Augusta let it all out, it would lower the hook down to my window; and when I had taken off what she had sent down, I could put something else upon the hook, and Augusta could draw it up."

Wallace smiled at hearing this description of his contrivance. He remembered it very well.

"We had a little basket," continued Malleville, "that we used to fasten to our hook to send things up and down in, and also a little bag

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Mary Bell is requested to make a drawing.

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which we sometimes put on. We called it our mail bag."

"Was the balcony directly over your windows?" asked Mary Bell.

"No," said Malleville; "it was on one side. I wish that you would make a picture of it, Mary Bell."

"Oh, I could not make a picture of it," said Mary Bell.

"Yes, *do*, Mary Bell," said all the children, "*do*."

"I will make you a rough sketch," said Wallace to Mary Bell, "to show you the forms of the buildings, and the direction of the vines on the trellises."

So Wallace took out paper and a pencil from his pocket, and placing his pocket-book upon his knee for a desk, he began to make a sketch, while Mary Bell, who happened to be sitting pretty near him, and all the other girls who could get their heads near enough to see, looked over. As Wallace went on with his sketch, he accompanied his work with verbal explanations, such as "This is the back side of the block; here is a projection built out from one house, and here is another projection belonging to the next one. This is a trellis, and here is a mass of vines,

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Mary Bell consents, on conditions.She begins.

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&c.” The form and character of the buildings were so familiar to Wallace’s mind, and the elements of the view were so simple and few, that he finished his sketch in a few minutes, and then all the girls were very eager to have Mary Bell go to the table and make the drawing at once, while the others were telling the stories. Mary seemed quite unwilling to venture on the undertaking. She finally, however, consented to try, on condition of not being required to tell a story. The picture was to be received instead. The children were at first very unwilling to accede to this condition, but Wallace told them he thought it was reasonable, and so the plan was agreed to, and Mary Bell was led to the table. She said that nobody must look over her while she was at work, but that they should all see the picture when it was finished. Wallace went up into his room and brought down some drawing paper and pencils, and Mary Bell then commenced her work, while the rest of the party resumed their seats, and prepared again to listen to the story.

“Well, Malleville,” said Phonny, “go on.”

“I had a beautiful little flower glass,” said Malleville, resuming her narrative. “that is, a glass to hold little bouquets of flowers in water.



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Malleville continues her story.

The grapes.

The flowers.

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My uncle gave it to me, at Christmas. I kept it on a table in my room. One day Augusta sent me down grapes. She gathered them from the vine which grew over her balcony. There were two bunches. She put one bunch in the basket, and she hung the other pretty near the basket, on the wire. She then let them both come down to me."

"I was very glad to have the grapes, and I thought I would send Augusta up some flowers. I had some flowers in my little flower-glass. So I tied a string around the glass, and then fastened the end of it to the hook. Then I told Augusta to pull. She pulled, and the glass with the flowers all in it, went very safely a little way, but at last, when it had got about half-way up, it fell off and went down into the yard below. It fell on the stone walk, and broke all to pieces."

Some of the children on hearing this, looked quite concerned, while others who happened to sit pretty near Mary Bell's table, ran toward it saying,

"Where? Let us see, Mary, where it was."

But Mary Bell put her hand over her drawing, and said,

"No, it is not finished yet. You must not look until it is finished."

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Fate of the flower-glass.

Short stories.

Sarah called upon.

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Then they all went back to their places again.

Wallace said that Malleville had told a very good story.

"I am sorry for the loss of your glass," said he, "especially as it was partly my fault. I should have told you when I put up your telegraph wire, that it would not be safe to attempt to convey any thing valuable, and especially any thing frangible upon it."

"What does frangible mean?" asked Malleville.

"Any thing easily broken," replied Caroline.

"Then my flower-glass was very frangible," said Malleville, "for it broke into ten thousand pieces."

After this, Wallace called upon one after another of the girls in the company, to relate their stories. They attempted to give accounts of accidents which had befallen them, but they did not succeed quite so well as Malleville had done, for they were afraid to speak before so large a company, and so they made their stories, in general, very short, and rather unsatisfactory. In fact, the story which Sarah told was merely this :

"The only accident that I can remember, was that once I was trying to jump over a little

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Sarah's idea of a brook.Story of the curtain on fire.

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brook, and I did not jump far enough, and so I fell in and got wet."

"Did you get in all over?" said Phonny.

"Oh, no!" replied Sarah.

"How deep was the brook?" asked Phonny.

"Oh it was not very deep," said Sarah.

"Was it so deep?" said Phonny, holding his hand horizontally up to his chin.

"Oh, no," said Sarah.

"So deep, then?" continued Phonny holding his hand now at his breast.

"Oh, no, not near so deep as that."

"How deep was it, then?" asked Phonny.

"Oh it was not deep at all," said Sarah. "It was only a little brook that my brother made, pouring down some water with a mug in the yard."

"Hoh!" said Phonny, in a tone of contempt.

Another of the stories which were related, was an account given by one of the little girls of setting a curtain on fire. It was on a summer evening, and she went up stairs with a lamp to get a story-book. She put the lamp down upon the table, not very far from the window, but far enough, as she supposed, to be safe. She placed the lamp on that table, she said, in

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Imminent danger.The accident unavoidable.

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order that it might shine into the closet where the books were kept. She did not carry it *into* the closet, for fear that she might set some of the books or papers on fire.

While she was in the closet herself, looking for the book that she wanted, the curtain, wafted by the pressure of the evening air through the open window, floated slowly into the room. The lower border of it hovered for a moment in the air just over the lamp, and then gently descending into it, lighted itself with a very graceful motion, and then sailed back again into its place in the window. The flame ascended very rapidly, and illuminated the room. The girl saw the light shining into the closet. She ran out, and seeing what had happened, she rushed to the stairs crying fire. Her father came up, she said, and pulled the curtain down with the tongs, and drew it, all in flames as it was, to the hearth, where he put it out by treading upon it.

“My father told me,” added the narrator of this story, in concluding it, “that I was not at all to blame, for I could not possibly know when I put the lamp upon the table, that the wind would blow the curtain in against it, and set it on fire.”

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Phonny's story.

Losing his key.

A puzzle.

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When at length it came to Phonny's turn to relate his story, he began as follows :

"The only accident that has happened to me for a long time, that I remember, was losing the key to my trunk. I was coming home from a journey. The last place where I stopped, I locked up my trunk in the morning, but instead of putting the key in my pocket, I laid it down upon the carpet, while I buckled the straps. The man came after my trunk in a great hurry, and told me to make haste, and that made me forget to take up the key. So I came away and left the key on the carpet."

Here Phonny paused, as if he had finished his story.

"Is that all?" said Wallace.

"Yes," said Phonny; "only when I got home I could not open my trunk."

"What did you do?" asked several of the children.

"Oh, Beechnut managed it for me," said Phonny. "Guess how he did it?"

"He found another key," said one.

"No," replied Phonny, "we tried all the trunk keys in the house, and none of them would fit it."

"He broke open the lock," said another.

Various guesses.	They give it up.	Moral.
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“No,” said Phonny.

“He opened the lock by some kind of tools or instruments,” said Caroline.

“No,” said Phonny.

“Then he sent for the locksmith,” said Caroline.

“No,” replied Phonny, “that is not it.”

“I know what he did,” said Malleville.

“Yes, but you must not tell,” said Phonny; “let them guess.”

“He took off the hinges,” said Sarah, “and so lifted up the lid that way.”

“No,” said Phonny. “He could not do that, the hinges were inside, and he could not get at them.”

“What *did* he do then?” said Caroline. “Tell us; we can’t guess. We give it up.”

“He turned the trunk up side down,” said Phonny, “and took the bottom out. So I took all my things out bottom upward.”

The company all laughed aloud at this termination of the story. When silence was restored again, they looked toward Wallace, in expectation that he would call for the next narrative.

“Learn from that story,” said Wallace,

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Caroline's turn.She announces her subject.

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"that when you are traveling, you must take good care of the keys of your trunks."

"Yes," said Malleville, "we will."

It came at length, in the progress of the rotation, to Caroline's turn to relate a story. She was very ready to begin. In fact she was so fluent in the use of language, and could express herself so well, and her voice was moreover so clear and melodious in its tone, that it was very pleasant to listen to her, independently of the interest excited by what she had to say. She began as follows :

"My story will not be a very long one. It is an account of my crossing a ferry on the ice and by a boat, one cold winter night, and how my mother broke through and yet was brought out dry."

"I don't see how that could be," said Sarah.

"What?" asked Caroline.

"Why, in the first place," rejoined Sarah, "I don't see how you could cross on the ice, and in a boat too; and then I don't see how your mother could break through and not get wet."

"You will find out in the course of the story," said Caroline. "It was a very cold night. Father, mother and I were coming home from a

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A sleigh ride in a cold night.Doubt about the river.

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journey. We were in a sleigh. Father and mother sat upon the back seat of the sleigh, and I sat upon a small chair, which had been placed in front between them. We were all covered up with buffalo robes, and we had some hot planks and bricks, all wrapped up in flannel cloths, in the bottom of the sleigh, to keep our feet warm. So we rode along very comfortably; at least *I* did. The snow was on the trees in the woods, and when I peeped out from under the buffaloes, I saw the stars shining very bright. They were very bright indeed,—but they looked very cold.

“When we got pretty near to the river, my mother began to be afraid about crossing it. She asked my father whether he thought we should cross in a boat or upon the ice. My father said that he did not know. They had been crossing with a boat until within a few days, but within that time it had been so intensely cold that he thought it probable that the river had frozen over. He hoped it had frozen, he said, for if it remained open there must necessarily be a great deal of ice floating, which would make it unpleasant, if not unsafe, to cross in the boat. My mother said that she was afraid to go either way. If the river should be



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Opinion of Caroline's father.The ferry-house.

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found frozen over, she did not believe that the ice could be strong, and if they attempted to go over upon it, they should break in and all be drowned. And if, on the other hand, the river should be found open, and they should attempt to cross it in the boat, some great field of floating ice would come running against them and carry them down the stream, nobody could tell where. She asked my father what he thought we had better do.

“ ‘ We will do,’ said my father, ‘ just what the ferryman recommends. He is a careful, faithful, and experienced man, and has managed this ferry for a great many years, and no accident has ever occurred. It is true an accident may happen to-night for the first time, but then we shall be more likely to avoid an accident by acting according to *his* judgment than by following our own.’

“ At length we got down to the bank of the river. The ferry-house was an old dilapidated building. In fact one part of it had tumbled down. There were only two rooms in it which were habitable ; one of these was occupied by the ferryman and his wife, and their two children. There was a large bed in one corner of this room, and a sort of trundle-bed under it for

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Conversation with the ferryman.Plan for crossing the river.

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the children. The trundle-bed was drawn out, and the two children were asleep in it when we went in; but the ferryman's wife pushed it in under the great bed again, so far that nothing but the children's heads were left out. She did this to make more room.

“ My father asked the ferryman if he thought we could get across the river. The ferryman said that we could get across ourselves, but that we could not take the horse and sleigh over. He said that the water was *open* for about one third of the way, and for the remaining two thirds it was frozen; though we should not find it very strong until we should get pretty near the farther shore. He said that we should have to take the small boat, for whenever the river was partly frozen it was unsafe to use the great boat at all. We should get into the boat, and go on in it as far as the water was open, and then force the boat on through the ice as far as we could, by rocking the boat and breaking the ice with poles. When we could no longer get on in this way, we should find the ice strong enough to bear us. We must then get out of the boat upon the ice, and walk over on the ice itself, to the opposite shore.

My mother said that she should never dare

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Caroline's mother afraid.

She remains behind.

Dicky.

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to go across a river in such a way as that. The ferryman said that it was the only possible way that they could go, that night, and that he thought it was perfectly safe.

"My father tried to persuade my mother not to be afraid; but she said that she could not possibly help it. She would rather stay all night at the ferry-house, than to go in that way. My father said that *he* must go at all events. My mother said, very well, that she would stay alone. My father told me that I might go with him or stay with my mother, just as I pleased. I told him I would rather go with him. I wanted to get home and see Dicky; and besides, I was not afraid of the ice."

"Who was Dicky?" asked one of the children.

"My bird," replied Caroline.

"So it was agreed," continued Caroline, "that my father and I should go over with the ferryman in the boat, and that the ferryman's wife should make up some sort of a bed in the vacant room at the ferry-house, for my mother. The ferryman thought that by the afternoon of the next day, the river would be frozen solid from shore to shore, and then my father was to come back and take my mother home."

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Difficulties in crossing the river.Running ice.

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“I think you ought to have stayed with your mother,” said Malleville.

“That would not have done any good,” said Caroline; “and besides, I wanted to go home. So we left my mother at the ferryman’s, and I went down with my father to the boat. The ferryman went with us, and two other men besides, who were going to row. The boat was frozen into the ice near the shore, but the men soon got it loose by rocking it about, and breaking the ice around it with their poles. We then all got into the boat and pushed out upon the water.

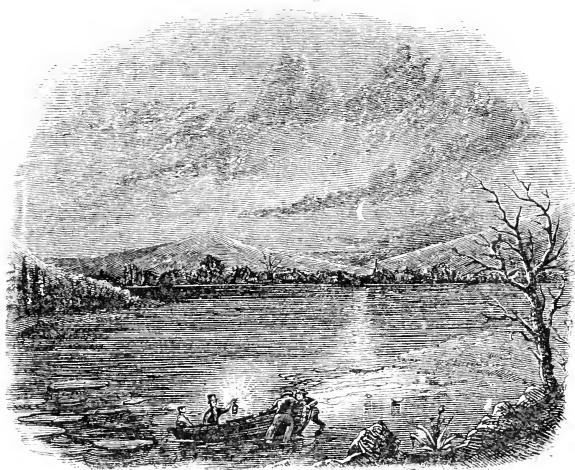
“There were a great many cakes of ice running down with the current, and here and there we saw large sheets which were formed sometimes of smooth thin ice, and at others of a great mass of broken pieces, all sailing down together. The boatmen steered the boat among these in the best way they could. At last, when we had got nearly to the middle of the river, we came to the edge of the fixed ice, that is, to where the water began to be all frozen over.

“For a little way this ice was so thin that the boatmen could row the boat directly through it, breaking it with their oars, and rocking the boat a little from side to side to agitate the water.

Fixed ice.

Mode of breaking through it.

The ice grew thicker and stronger as we went on, and they had to rock the boat more and more. It was very cold, but I helped them rock the boat, and that kept me warm. At last the ice became so thick, that rocking the boat would not break it."



THE FERRY IN WINTER.

"And what did you do then?" asked Phonny.

"The ferryman and the boatmen got out of the boat very carefully, and stood upon the ice, holding on all the time upon the sides of the boat, while father and I went toward the stern.

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The ice gets strong enough to bear.Caroline gets home.

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This made the bows of the boat rise a little out of the water. The men then pulled the boat forward till the bows rested partly on the ice. Then they got in, and father and I came forward, and we all rocked the boat again until the weight of the boat and the rocking of it broke the ice up. Then the men would get out and pull the boat forward as before.

“In this manner we went on for a considerable distance. At last the boat would not break through any more, and the ferrymen said that the ice was strong enough to bear us in walking upon it the rest of the way. So we all got out of the boat, except one boatman, and walked on upon the ice. The ferryman went before us, striking the ice continually before him with the end of a heavy pole.”

“And so you got safe home?” said Wallace.

“Yes,” replied Caroline. “When we got to the shore, my father took me up to a tavern, where I warmed myself by a great blazing fire, while the men harnessed a horse into a sleigh to take us home. It was only two or three miles that we had to go, and we got there very quick, for my father drove the horse that night very fast indeed.”

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The end of Caroline's story.Her mother's fall.

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Here Caroline paused, as if she had finished her story.

"Is that all?" asked Phonny.

"Yes," said Caroline.

"But you said that your mother broke in," said Phonny.

"Ah!—yes," said Caroline, laughing. "I said she broke through. I forgot to tell you about that. This was the way it happened. The ferryman's wife made up a bed for her in the vacant room, and when the boatmen came back, they took her trunk to carry it in—one boatman at each end of it. My mother went in also, and the ferryman's wife too, to carry the light. Now the house was so old and decayed, that the floor was not strong enough to bear so many people, and my mother's trunk too—which was pretty large—and so the timbers gave way, and the people all went down into the cellar together, among the rubbish."

There was a general exclamation of astonishment among all the auditors at hearing of this unexpected catastrophe. Mary Bell asked Caroline if her mother was hurt.

"No," said Caroline. "I believe not. It was not really a cellar, I believe, and they did not fall very far. So she was not hurt. But she was most dreadfully frightened."

## CHAPTER V.

## WALLACE'S STORY.

"MY story," said Wallace, in commencing his narrative, "is rather more appropriate to boys than to girls, or rather the moral of it, so far as there is any moral, applies more particularly to them than to you. I am afraid, besides, that you will not find it very interesting in itself. It is nothing but an account of my getting locked out of my father's house one night in New York, and of my adventures in getting a lodging at the hotel."

"That will be an interesting story," said one of the younger girls.

"I was returning from the country," resumed Wallace, "where I had been spending the summer. All the family were out of town too, so that the house was empty, except that there was one servant there who had been left to take charge of it. I returned a day or two before the rest of the family, in order to make the necessary arrangements for opening the house, and



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Wallace returning to New York.Situation of the house.

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getting it ready for my father and mother, and Malleville.

“The cars in which I was traveling were to arrive at nine o'clock in the evening; and as James did not usually fasten up the house until ten, I thought I should have ample time to get home from the station in Canal street, before he had gone to bed.”

“Who was James?” asked one of the children named Marianne.

“He was the servant,” replied Wallace, “who had charge of the house.”

“Yes, you might have known that,” said Caroline. “You must not interrupt the story to ask questions.”

“I thought that James would not have locked up the house,” continued Wallace, “before I should get home, and if he should have done so, I knew that it would be of no great consequence, as I had a night-key.”

“What is that?” asked Caroline.

“Why it is a kind of key,” said Wallace, “which the New York people use to unlock their doors with, when they come home in the night.”

“Yes, you might have known that,” said Marianne. “You should not interrupt the story to ask questions.”

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Marianne's retort upon Caroline.The railroad accident.

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The children all laughed at this retort. Caroline laughed too, more than the rest. She shook her finger at Marianne, saying,

"Ah, you little bobalink,—now you have caught me—and made them all laugh at me,—and I the queen too. I shall have to send you to the tower for that."

This was the very best thing that Caroline could have done in such a case. The very best possible way to receive a harmless joke, is to join in the laugh that it occasions. Caroline, who was a girl of great intelligence and tact, perceived this at once in this instance, and thus escaped from her awkward position very gracefully. If she had looked grave and displeased, and thus evinced ill-humor and resentment on the occasion, she would have fixed herself in the position in which Marianne's retaliation had placed her, and made herself doubly ridiculous.

"About half-past seven o'clock in the evening," continued Wallace, "when we were about thirty or forty miles from New York, we met with an accident which stopped the train."

"What accident was it?" asked Phonny, eagerly. "Did you run over a cow?"

"No," said Wallace, "it was not that. Nor do I know, in fact, precisely what the accident

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Long detention.

Late arrival at New York.

Wallace's plans.

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was. Something gave way about the machinery of the locomotive. We were detained an hour; for the conductor was obliged to send back five miles to get a new locomotive. Then we had to stop after that, at almost every station, to wait for other trains, coming from New York; for we had lost the time that belonged to our train, for getting into the city, and so we had to go on afterward as we could, in the intervals between the other trains. When at last we turned into the great station at Canal street, I looked at my watch and found that it was five minutes past eleven. Then I knew of course that James had gone to bed.

"I determined however to go home and get into the house by means of my night-key, and go to my room, without letting James know that I had arrived, until the next morning. I had my plan all formed for getting a light and for doing every thing else which should be necessary, without disturbing James. What my plan was, you will understand by hearing what I did. As soon as I got out of the cars, I engaged a hack and gave my checks to the driver."

"What checks?" asked Sarah. Sarah had never traveled by a railroad, and she did not know what Wallace meant.

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The baggage checks.Great number required.

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“The checks for my baggage,” said Wallace. “The railroad baggage-men have round pieces of metal with numbers stamped upon them which they call checks. They are about as large as a dollar. Sometimes, however, the checks are square. They are in pairs, each pair having the same number stamped upon both checks. When you begin your journey in the cars, the baggage-master takes your trunk, and then taking a pair of checks, he fastens one to your trunk by means of a little strap, and gives you the other: thus the trunk is numbered, and you have the number of it in your pocket, upon the check which is given to you. He gives you another check for your carpet-bag.”

“That is a good plan,” said Phonny. “What were the numbers on your checks?”

“I only remember one of them,” said Wallace: “that was 1066.”

“Oh, how many trunks!” said Phonny. “Did they have a thousand and sixty-six trunks in that baggage-car?”

“Perhaps not,” replied Wallace, “in that one train; but there are a great many trains sent off in the course of a day, and the baggage-masters require a great many checks. I gave my checks to the hackman, so that he might go and

get my trunk and carpet-bag. We do not go for our trunks ourselves, on account of the confusion. When a train comes in to a city station, especially at night, there is an indescribable scene of noise and confusion. The platforms are crowded with men, women, and children, hurrying to and fro, and whole ranks of hackmen are pressing up against the ropes and calling out, 'Want a hack?' 'Want a hack, gentlemen?' Others are shouting out the names of the hotels that they belong to, while at a little distance you can hear, above the general din, the loud voice of the baggage-master calling out the numbers of the checks, in order to help the hackmen find the baggage. All these shouts and outcries make a terrible uproar."

"Hie," said Phonny, "how I should like to be there!"

"The hackman," continued Wallace, "showed me the way to his carriage, and then went back to get my baggage. I got into the hack and waited till he came. I knew when he came by the thump of my trunk on the rack of the carriage, when he put it on behind. He asked me where he was to go. I told him the name of the street and the number, and then he mounted on the box and drove away.

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Appearance of the city.	Side-walks.	Lamps.	The hack-man.
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“The streets were very bright, for the gas-lights were burning splendidly everywhere. The side-walks, too, were crowded with people going home from the theaters and the concerts. Beside these pedestrians, there were a great many other persons riding in the omnibuses that went thundering by, up and down Broadway. My hackman drove me to my father’s house, opened the carriage door, went up the steps and rang the bell, and then, while I was getting out of the carriage, took my trunk off from the rack behind, carried it up the steps, and put it down by the door. I asked him how much was to pay. He said seventy-five cents.”

“What! for such a little ride?” said Phonny.

“Yes,” said Wallace. “He had been waiting there perhaps two hours for the train to come in. I paid him the money, and he mounted his box and rode away.

“His pulling the knob of the door-bell did not do any good, and I knew it would not; for the bell was in the kitchen in the basement, on the back side of the house, while the room where James slept was in the attic, in front. So I knew that James could not hear the sound of the bell. I did not ring it again, but took my night-key out of my pocket and opened the

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Wallace arrives at the house.Gets in by his night-key.

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door. Then I set the trunk into the inner hall, or entry, as you call it in the country. The outer door opened into a very small entry, and beyond that was another door, opening into a larger entry, which we called the inner hall. I left both doors open. There happened to be a gas-lamp opposite to the house, on the margin of the side-walk, in the street, and the light from this lamp shone into the hall so that I could see to open my trunk. I wanted to open it to get some matches."

"That would not do any good," said Phonny, "for you had no lamp to light."

"I was going down to the lamp closet to get one," said Wallace. "The lamp closet was down in the basement, and I was going to fold up a newspaper into a long, slender form, so as to make a sort of torch to light me down. I had a newspaper in my carpet-bag. I had bought it to read on the way. I took half of this paper and folded it over and over in a long and narrow form, and then struck a light with my match and lighted it.

"I could have found my way to the lamp closet easily enough without a light," continued Wallace, "by groping along down the stairs,—but I was afraid to go in that way."

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He goes to the lamp closet for a light.

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“Hoh!” said Phonny, “what were you afraid of?”

“Why, I did not know but that James might after all be somewhere down in the basement, and if he heard any body groping about the house in the dark, he might think it was a robber, and so—”

“And so come out and shoot you?” asked Phonny, eagerly.

“No,” replied Wallace, “I did not suppose that he would shoot me; but I thought it was not impossible that, if he were waked up suddenly by such a noise, he might be alarmed, and so run to the window and call for the police, or do something of that kind.

“I found my way to the lamp closet very easily, by the light of my torch, though I was obliged to manage the paper very carefully. If I held it perfectly upright, with the burning end upward, I found that it burned very slowly and dimly, and was in great danger of going out. On the other hand, if I inclined the burning end forward, in the direction in which I was going, the wind produced by my motion fanned the flame and inclined it toward the paper not yet on fire, and this made my torch burn a great deal faster. If I inclined it too much, it burned



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His torch.	Difficulty of keeping it.	Finds his room door locked.
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too fast, so as to make me afraid that the flame would get down to my fingers before I should have got to the lamp closet and lighted my lamp. I was obliged, therefore, as I walked down the winding stairs which led to the basement, to watch the burning of my torch, and to regulate it by altering the inclination of the paper one way or the other, according as it was burning too fast or too slow. By this means I succeeded in getting to the lamp closet and lighting my lamp, by the time that the torch was half burnt down.

“When the lamp was lighted, I blew out the torch, and threw it down upon the floor. I stepped upon the burnt end, in order to extinguish the fire effectually. I then went up stairs, intending to go to my room and go to bed.

“I found, however, to my great surprise and disappointment, when I attempted to open the door of my room, that it was locked. I wondered what this could mean. After trying in vain for some time to open the door, I went to the other chambers in the house. They were all locked. I was now in great perplexity, for I had no night-keys to any of the inner doors, and I seemed, therefore, to be effectually shut out of them. And yet it appeared to me that

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Wallace locked out of all the rooms.

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unless I could contrive some way to get into a chamber or a room with a bed in it, the only prospect before me for the night was that of sleeping on the floor in the hall, with my carpet-bag for a pillow.

“I went to James’s room, which was in the attic, but I found that locked like all the rest. There was a room in the basement which James used as a sitting-room; and I thought it possible that he might not have gone to bed that evening so early as usual, and that he might possibly be still sitting up there.”

“And did you go down to see?” asked Phony.

“No,” replied Wallace, “for by this time the idea had come into my mind that I might after all as well go to a hotel in Broadway. It was certainly rather late to go out in search of a lodging, as it was now about half-past eleven, and I presumed that I should have to walk down, as the omnibuses generally cease running before that time. At least they cease going *down*. I thought that I might very probably meet some of the last of them coming up.

“I concluded however to go, even at the risk of being obliged to walk all the way. So I blew out the lamp and left it at the door, and

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He goes down Broadway.The New York hotels.

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then went out. I went to Broadway. The street was very brilliantly lighted, for the gas-lights were all burning as splendidly as ever. There were a few omnibuses coming up the street, and a considerable number of private carriages going to and from the parties and the theaters. There were a great many persons on the side-walks too, so that although it was nearly midnight it was by no means solitary in Broadway.

“Nearly all the great hotels in New York are situated in the lower part of the city, near the Park, and I had to walk nearly a mile and a half before I came to any of them. These hotels are very large and lofty, being six or seven stories high, and occupying sometimes a whole block in extent. There is usually a splendid portico at the entrance, with grand gas-lights on iron posts, at each side of it. From this portico you enter a spacious hall with sofas on each side, where gentlemen are seated, talking together or reading the newspapers. A little further in you come to the office—which is a room with a counter, and desks, and a great iron safe behind the counter, and ever so many bells against the wall, with wires coming from all parts of the house, and waiters carrying

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Wallace can have a bed, but not a room.

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trunks to and fro, and travelers coming to enter their names, or to pay their bills, or to ask questions of the clerks.

"I asked the clerk at the first hotel which I went into, if he could give me a room there that night.

" 'We can give you a bed,' said he, 'in a room with some other persons, but we can not give you a single room ; we are full.'

" 'That will not do very well,' said I. So I turned and went away."

"Why would not that do?" asked Phonny.

"Oh, I do not like to sleep in a room with strangers," replied Wallace. "They *may* be honest, but then on the other hand they may be thieves ; and I should not like very well to get up in the morning, and find that one of my room-mates had got up before me, and gone off with my watch and all my money."

"No," said Caroline, "I should want a room to myself, I am sure."

"I left this hotel and went to another," continued Wallace. "I pushed my way through all the bustle in the halls to the office. There was a great tray upon the counter with a multitude of little lamps upon it, and people were coming one after another to take their lamps

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Wallace in difficulty.Mary Bell's drawing.

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for the purpose of going to bed. I went up to the counter and asked the clerk who was standing behind it, if he could let me have a room in his house that night. He said he could not, for the house was perfectly full.

"I asked him what was the reason that all the hotels were so full. He said it was caused by the conventions. There was a great deal of company in town that week to attend the conventions.

"But you must not stop the drawing, Mary Bell," continued Wallace, looking toward Mary, whose eyes, with those of all the rest of the party, had been turned earnestly toward Wallace while he had been giving the account of the answers which he received at the hotels. 'You must not stop the drawing to listen to the story.'

Mary Bell smiled and resumed her work, saying that she was wondering what he was going to do.

"I went to two more hotels," continued Wallace, "and they were full. Then I began to be sorry that I had not taken the place that was offered me at first, in the room which had two or three beds in it, and I determined to go back there again. I did so; but the clerk told

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Phonny's idea of the emergency.Wallace's opinion.

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me that some other gentlemen had come in since I called before, and that now every bed in the house was occupied."

"And now," said Phonny, "I suppose you began to be terribly frightened."

"If I had been frightened in fact," said Wallace in reply, "I presume I should have been ashamed to confess it to all this party now. There is never any advantage in being frightened in such cases. Besides there was no particular occasion for it in this instance," said Wallace.

"Why, what was there that you could possibly do?" asked Phonny.

"O I knew very well," replied Wallace, "that if I should tell the clerk at any of the hotels who I was, and where I lived, and how I came to be in such a situation, he would contrive some way or other to take me in. There never was a hotel so full in the world that room could not possibly be found for one more, in an extraordinary emergency. I could certainly lie on some of the sofas in the parlors or reading-rooms, if they could not find me a bed. Or I could even sit up in an arm-chair all night;—or rather all the *rest* of the night, for in four or five hours it would be morning. That would not have been any worse than

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The beggar woman on the side-walk.Conversation with her.

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sitting up to watch with a sick man, which thousands do every night in the year. Besides, I could go back again home and sleep in the hall with my head on the carpet-bag; and even if I were to do that, I thought that probably more than half of all the human race would have worse accommodations for the night than I.

“I concluded, however, that I would make one more attempt before I gave up the hope of getting into a hotel. So I walked along down Broadway, looking out for the next brilliantly lighted portico, or open door. I had not gone far before I met a poor beggar woman standing upon the side-walk with a child in her arms. She asked me as I went by, to give her a little change to pay for a night’s lodging. ‘Do you know where you can get a night’s lodging,’ said I, ‘if I give you the money.’ ‘Yes,’ said she, ‘plenty of places, if I can only get the sixpence to pay.’ ‘Then you are luckier than I am,’ said I, ‘for I can’t find any place to sleep, though I am willing to pay a great deal more than sixpence for it.’ ‘Well,’ said she, ‘if you will go with me, I will show you a place.’ I did not make any answer to this proposal, but I took a shilling out of my pocket and gave her, telling

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Wallace's opinion of her.Mary Bell's question.

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her that there was a shilling, which would pay for a lodging for her that night and the next night too. Then I went on."

"But why did not you go with her," asked Phonny, "and let her show you where you could get a lodging for yourself?"

"Oh, that would not have answered at all," said Wallace. "She would have taken me to some wretched den, where I should have very probably been robbed and murdered before morning. Besides, I did not believe any thing that she said."

"Why! did you not believe," said Caroline, "that she wanted a lodging?"

"No," replied Wallace. "I presumed she had her regular home, miserable enough, no doubt, but still a home; and that my giving her a shilling would not make the least difference in her lodging for the night. That was only her story to get money. That is almost always the case with public beggars. They tell such tales as they think most likely to produce the effect of getting them money. Whether they are true or not, is of no consequence."

"Then why did you give her any money?" asked Mary Bell.

"I don't know," said Wallace. "It was a



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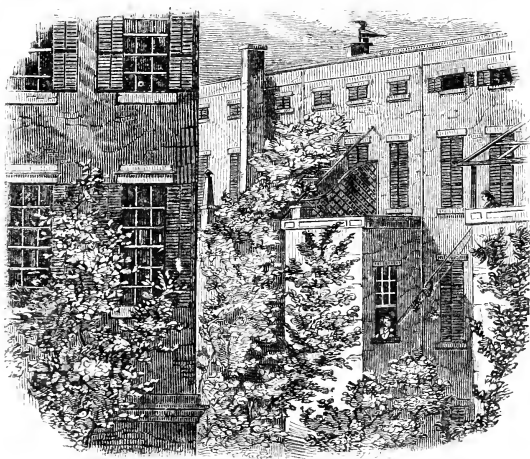
The picture finished.The examination of it.

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sort of an impulse. Perhaps I ought not to have given her any. I knew that she was wretched and miserable, and that my giving her a shilling would please her. So I did it. But you must go on with your drawing."

"It is finished, I believe," said Mary Bell.

"Let us see," said the children; and losing for the moment all interest in Wallace's adventures, they crowded around Mary Bell's table, and looked at her drawing of Malleville's telegraph. It was like this:



MALLEVILLE'S TELEGRAPH.

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Description of the picture.Plans for the disposal of it.

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The children admired the drawing very much indeed, and Malleville said that it looked very much like the real place.

“There is my window,” said she, “and there is Augusta’s balcony. There is the telegraph wire, and this is the string. She used to pull things up and let them down, by means of the string. There are the flowers falling too,—and the bunch of grapes in the window.”

The children were very much interested in examining this picture in all its details.

Wallace asked Mary Bell to give the drawing to him, and then immediately all the rest of the party began to beg for it, saying very fast and eagerly, “Give it to me, Mary Bell,” “Give it to me.” “To me.” Mary Bell seemed to hesitate. She was gratified to find that the company were all so much interested in her work, and she was in fact very willing that Wallace should have the picture; but she did not like to say so,—especially when so many others were claiming it. So she said that perhaps she had better give it to Malleville, since it was a picture of *her* telegraph. But Caroline said that she thought it belonged to the whole company, since Mary Bell had been excused from telling a story in order that she might draw it, and the

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The end of the story.

Wallace finds a room, "high up."

story would have been for the benefit of all. She proposed, therefore, that it should be considered as common property, and that they should draw lots for it.

They all agreed to this, only Wallace proposed that they should put off the drawing a little while.

"Yes," said Mary Bell, "and hear the rest of the story now."

The children then resumed their seats, and prepared to listen to the remainder of the story,—but Wallace said that there was very little more to tell; for at the next hotel that he applied to, the clerk said that he could have a room, if he did not object to going "pretty well up." "I told him," said Wallace, "that I was not in a condition to object to any thing. So I entered my name on his great book, and he ordered one of the waiters to show me to number one hundred and sixty-two. It was high up indeed. We went up one flight of stairs after another, some straight, some spiral, some wide, some narrow, up, up, up, till I thought we should never get to the top. At length the waiter stopped and unlocked a door, and ushered me into a small but very pleasant little room, with a nice soft bed in it. I danced and

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The moral of the story forgotten.The picture.

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capered about the room a few minutes, rejoicing in my good fortune, and then went to bed."

Here there was a little pause, and then Phonny asked if that was the end.

"Yes," said Wallace, "that is all."

"You said there was a moral to it,—what was it?" asked Mary Bell.

"A moral," said Wallace, pausing a moment to think. "Yes,—I recollect I had some moral in mind when I began the story,—but I declare I have forgotten what it was."

Caroline and Mary Bell laughed. The rest of the party said it was no matter, for they did not think that the morals of stories were very interesting.

In respect to drawing lots for Mary Bell's picture, Wallace had a reason for wishing to postpone it, very different from any desire to secure an opportunity for finishing his story. He had a plan of going around to the children privately, and *buying their chances*. He went accordingly, after the story telling was ended, to one and another of the party, telling them that as they had only one chance to ten or twelve of gaining the picture, the probability in their favor was very small; and offered to give them vari-

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Wallace attempts to buy the chances.Sarah draws it.

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ous things, such as flowers, other pictures, apples, oranges, &c., for their lots. They would then have the things that he would give them at all events, and he would have the picture only in case they happened to draw it. Thus they would exchange an uncertainty for a certainty, which Wallace attempted to persuade them would be an excellent bargain.

He however met with very little success in these negotiations. Almost every one that he applied to wanted the picture very much herself, and was very sure that she should draw it. Wallace bought two chances however. He gave an orange for one, and an ornamented paper box which he had in his room for the other. These two lots, with his own, made three, but neither of them drew the prize. It fell to Sarah. Wallace knew that it would do no good to attempt to buy it from her at that time, she seemed so overjoyed at the acquisition of it. So he contented himself with lending her a book to carry it home in, in order that it might be carefully preserved, and with sending Phonny privately to her, to get her to promise that she would not give it away to any body for a week, without first letting him know. Then, near the close of the week, when Wallace

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Wallace's plan for obtaining it at last.

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supposed that Sarah's estimation of her prize would have been diminished by her having become familiar with the possession of it, he sent Phonny to offer her another picture in exchange for it. Sarah accepted the offer, and Phonny brought the drawing of the telegraph back to Wallace. The picture with which he bought it was a small but beautifully colored engraving of an English nobleman's estate, with a great profusion of shrubbery and flowers growing on the lawn.

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Holydays.

Beechnut's plans.

The pond.

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## CHAPTER VI.

## THE SHIP GIBRALTER.

AMONG the other ingenious plans which Beechnut adopted to amuse himself and the village boys on Saturday afternoons,—for Saturday afternoon was always holyday for him as well as for the other boys,—one was the fitting up and equipping of a large flat-bottomed boat, which he called his ship Gibraltar. In this boat he used to make excursions with the other boys upon the pond.

The pond was not very far from the village. It was a large and beautiful sheet of water, studded with wild-looking, woody islands. There were a great many bird's-nests on these islands, and the shores were bordered generally on all sides by a smooth beach, which contained, among the sands, a great variety of beautifully colored pebbles. The bottom of the pond was of hard sand, and as the water was very clear and not very deep, the boys could generally see the bottom, wherever they might be, by looking over the gunwale of the boat as they sailed

The pond lily cove.	Boats.	Raft.
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along. There was one place where the water looked very deep, though it was not really so. The appearance was produced by the color of the soil which formed the bottom. This soil was very black and very fertile, and it was full of the roots of pond-lilies, which grew very luxuriantly in it. The place was in a cove which extended for a considerable distance into the land at one side of the pond. The surface of the water in this cove was covered with the green leaves of the lilies. The boys called these leaves lily-pads. They were of an oval form, and they floated on the surface of the water. The lilies were white, and were in size and form somewhat similar to a rose, only the petals, that is the flower leaves, were pointed, and were very regularly and symmetrically arranged, so that the lilies presented the appearance of so many white stars floating upon the water.

There were two or three small boats upon this pond. These the boys of the village were very fond of borrowing, in order that they might go out upon the pond to fish or to get pond-lilies in the cove. There was a raft too in the cove, made of old logs, fence posts, boards, and rails, and other such materials, the best which the boys had been able to get together in so remote



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Appearance of the water.The boys' ideas of the cove.

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and solitary a place. The older and more daring boys used to go out upon this raft sometimes, though it was rather a hazardous operation. In fact, there prevailed among the boys a particular dread of the water where pond-lilies grew,—it looked so deep and black and gloomy, and was so full of the twisted and entangled stems of the lilies, which seemed to swimmers that any time by accident encountered them in the water, like so many slimy serpents, writhing in endless convolutions. Then besides, the boys imagined that the mud of the bottom was full of real serpents, lizards, turtles, eels, and other uncouth and nameless reptiles; so that the idea of sinking into it with their naked feet, filled them with a species of horror.

The dark and gloomy expression of mystery and danger, however, which characterized these waters, while it made the idea of sinking in them very dreadful to the imaginations of the boys, still gave to the enterprise of exploring them, by gliding over the surface upon the raft or in boats, a peculiar zest and charm. There was something of the semblance at least of danger in drawing up such beautiful flowers from out of such dismal depths. Then besides, the flowers themselves were very singular and

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Opening and closing the pond lilies.    The old boat.    Upside down.

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beautiful. The petals were so firm in their texture, and so symmetrically arranged, that they could be compressed together after the flower had bloomed, so as to be shut up into a bud again, with the three smooth and green external leaves enclosing it completely. Thus it could be shut up into a bud or opened into a flower at pleasure. It was a great source of amusement to a child who had a pond-lily in his possession, to make these transformations.

One day when Beechnut, together with some of the other boys, was cruising along the shore of the pond near the outlet, he found a large flat-bottomed boat lying bottom upwards on the land, at a little distance from the shore. Beechnut stopped to look at it. It was very much out of repair, and was full of leaks and crevices. Some of the boys there proposed that they should heave it over, and launch it, and so have a sail.

“Very well,” said Beechnut, “let us try.”

Beechnut knew very certainly that they would not be able to turn the boat over. He however had his own reasons for being very willing to help them try. The boys all accordingly took hold with great resolution. They stood in a row along one side of the boat, and

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The boys attempt to "right it."Beechnut's plan.

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putting their hands under the edge of the gunwale—which of course was downward—they all began to lift, together. They could move the boat a little, but they could not raise it from the ground.

They then all sat down upon the edge of the boat, under the trees, and began to consider what to do.

"Whose boat is it?" asked Beechnut.

The boys said that it belonged to a man who lived in a small red house not very far distant, near a mill.

"I am going to get him to give it to me," said Beechnut, "and then I mean to repair it and put it afloat, and enlist a crew to manage it under my orders."

It has already been said that Beechnut was no republican. He never allowed the boys to choose him, or appoint him to any command. In fact, he had a great contempt for power which was conferred by the votes or voices of those who were to obey. He knew that he was superior to any of the other boys in capacity, ingenuity, and tact, and he acted at once on the idea of that superiority, in all such cases as this, and assumed the command directly on his own authority.

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The opinions of the boys.Signs of resistance.

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“Who shall you have in your crew?” asked Arthur.

“Any boys that I like, who will promise to obey my orders,” replied Beechnut.

“Well,” said Arthur, “I will be one.”

“So will I,” said another boy, named Golf. He was a large, stout, and coarse-looking boy, though he was good-natured and of a friendly disposition.

“So will I,” said a boy named Charles, “if you will let me sail in the boat whenever I wish to.”

“No,” said Beechnut, “I shall make no promises. Captains don’t make conditions with their crews.”

“But what right have you to be captain,” asked Charles, “any more than the rest of us? I might go and ask Mr. Grey to give the boat to me, and then *I* could get up a crew.”

“Very well,” said Beechnut, “if you will go and get Mr. Grey to give you the boat, I will be one of your sailors, and you can try and see if you can get a crew, complete and repair the boat, and turn her over, and launch her, and equip her, and then make a voyage across the pond.”

Charles was silent. He knew very well that

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Attempt at making conditions.Beechnut walks away.

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such an undertaking was utterly beyond his powers.

“But I think that you might let us sail in the boat,” said Golf, “if we help get her over.”

“That will be just as I feel,” said Beechnut. “Perhaps I shall take a notion after I get her all ready for sea, to go out in her alone myself,—or not to sail her at all,—or perhaps I shall conclude to set her on fire. I must be entirely at liberty, if I am commander, to do as I please; and I advise nobody to enlist in my crew unless he is prepared for hard work and no pay.”

So saying, Beechnut rose from his seat and began to walk away. The boys followed him, asking where he was going.

“I am going to ask Mr. Grey to give me the boat,” said Beechnut.

The boys all walked together along the shore of the outlet to the pond, until they came to a bridge. They crossed this bridge. There was a boy fishing on the end of it, but our party were so much interested in going for the boat that they did not stop to see whether he had caught any thing. On the other hand, the boy himself, seeing this company going thus rapidly by, with an air and manner that indicated that

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Parker found on the bridge.The boys proceed to Mr. Greys'.

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they were intent on something of importance, hastily wound up his line and followed them. This boy's name was Parker.

It happened that Parker was not at this time in very good standing with Beechnut. He had disobeyed Beechnut's orders on some former occasion ; \* and Beechnut had refused to admit him any more under his command, unless he would submit to be tried by a court-martial for disobedience. This, Parker, who was a high-spirited boy, and quite as old as Beechnut himself, would not consent to do. So Beechnut would not admit him to be a member of any of their expeditions,—though in other respects he and Parker were on as friendly terms with each other as usual.

The boys all went on at a rapid pace, along a cart path which led through the fields, by the side of the outlet stream, toward the house where Mr. Grey lived. Mr. Grey was a plain-looking man, with a face browned by the sun. He was at work in his yard, with a yoke of oxen, hauling great stones on a drag to a place where some men were building a wall. He looked up somewhat surprised to see such a

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\* For an account of the circumstances of the case see MAL-LEVILLE, chap. 10.

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Negociations with Mr. Grey.He hesitates.

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company of boys coming into his yard. Beechnut was at the head of them. The rest in fact seemed inclined to hold back a little as they approached the presence of Mr. Grey, and to let Beechnut go forward. Beechnut, as if all this were a matter of course, advanced with an air of self-possession and confidence, while Mr. Grey, having drawn the great stone which was upon his drag up to the place where it was wanted, stopped the oxen, and before unloading the drag waited to hear what Beechnut had to say.

“I have come to ask you, Mr. Grey,” said Beechnut, “to give me that old boat of yours that lies under the trees upon the shore, if you have no use for it.”

“That old boat?” repeated Mr. Grey, looking first at Beechnut and then at the other boys,—who in the mean time had come up slowly and gradually around the speakers, to hear the conversation. “What do you want to do with it?”

“I want to repair it and fit it for sea.”

“Why, no,”—said Mr. Grey, in an uncertain and hesitating manner. “I believe not. I don’t use the old scow now, but I may possibly want it hereafter for some purpose or other.”

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Mr. Grey decides at length to lend the boat.

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“Will you *lend* it to me, then?” asked Beechnut.

“I will *sell* it to you,” said Mr. Grey.

“What do you ask for it?” asked Beechnut.

“I’ll sell it to you very cheap,” said Mr. Grey; “you may have it for two dollars. You and the boys can make up that sum very easily.”

Beechnut paused and seemed to be considering the subject.

“No,” said he at length, “I can not buy it,—at least not now,—but if you will lend it to me, and give me the control of it, I will repair it if I can, and make it sea-worthy, and give it up to you whenever you claim it.”

Mr. Grey turned around to one of his workmen who was standing near, and who had stopped his work of heaving up a large stone with an iron bar, in order to listen.

“I have a great mind to let him have it,” said he. “There is not another boy in town that I would trust the boat with, except him.”

“It’s safe enough to let Antony have her,” replied the other man.

“Very well,” returned Mr. Grey, speaking now again to Beechnut. “I will lend you the scow till I call for her.”



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Beechnut wants a written lease.

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“I am much obliged to you, sir,” said Beechnut. “I will take good care of her.”

So saying he turned away, followed by the other boys. He proceeded to a large and square, but rough block of granite, which was lying with the other stones in the yard, and taking out a sort of pocket portfolio, and also a pen, and an inkstand which shut with a spring,—articles which he always carried with him when he was with the boys at play, especially on Saturday afternoons,—he laid them down upon the stone.

“What are you going to do?” asked Parker.

“You will see,” replied Beechnut. So saying he took out a piece of paper from his portfolio, and began to write. Parker looked over and read what he wrote, aloud to the other boys, word for word, as Beechnut wrote it, considering, perhaps, that he had received permission to do what would have been otherwise very impolite and inexcusable. When finished, the lines which Beechnut wrote were as follows:

“I hereby lend Antoine Bianchinette my scow, and give him the control of it until such time as I claim it again. And I will sell it to him for two dollars.”

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More negotiations.Mr. Grey is satisfied.

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When Beechnut had finished this writing, he took it up from the stone, and dipping his pen into the inkstand once more to replenish it with ink, he went with the paper in one hand and the pen in the other, back to Mr. Grey. He gave Mr. Grey the paper, and asked him if he should be willing to sign it.

Mr. Grey read the paper very attentively, and then looked at Beechnut. Beechnut looked at Mr. Grey, but neither of them spoke.

At length Mr. Grey said,

“But what do you want a writing for, Antony? Can’t you trust my word? I don’t like signing papers.”

“I want it to show to the boys,” said Beechnut, “in case any of them should dispute my right.”

“Why, the boat is for all the boys, isn’t it?” said Mr. Grey. “You don’t want it for yourself alone.”

“Yes,” said Beechnut; “for myself alone. I don’t like partnerships.”

“But you can not do any thing with that boat alone,” said Mr. Grey. “It weighs nearly half a tun.”

“The boys will help me, perhaps,” said Beechnut.

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Mr. Grey signs the paper.Volunteer counsel.

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“I see,” said Mr. Grey. “You wish to keep the reins in your own hands. That’s right.”

So Mr. Grey took the pen and signed his name to the paper, and gave it to Beechnut. Beechnut folded it up, put it in his portfolio, and then putting the portfolio and the pen and ink in his pocket, he went away, with the other boys in his train.

The whole party went back to the boat. On the way the other boys asked him repeatedly what he was going to do,—how he was going to turn his boat over, and by what means he could stop the leaks. He made scarcely any replies to these inquiries, but walked steadily on. The boys then proceeded, one after another, to offer their advice and to make various suggestions and proposals. One recommended stopping up the leaks with putty. Another thought that it was not worth while to mind the leaks, but to have a tin pan or pail on board, and bail the water out as fast as it came in, while they were sailing. Various other propositions and recommendations were advanced, but Beechnut appeared to pay but little attention to them, being intent apparently on forming his own plans, without seeming to place

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Survey of the boat.

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The shipping papers.

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much dependence on the wisdom of his volunteer advisers.

As soon as the party reached the boat, Beechnut took, first, a general survey of it. He said he was going to name it the ship Gibraltar.

"Three cheers," said he, "for the ship Gibraltar."

The boys immediately took off their caps, and swinging them in the air they gave three cheers with great enthusiasm.

"Now," said Beechnut, "for a crew. Do any of you wish to enlist in the crew of the ship Gibraltar? The terms are, plenty of hard work and no pay."

"I will," said one boy, and another, and another. So Beechnut took out his portfolio again and producing another piece of paper he wrote a heading to it as follows :

"We the subscribers enlist in the crew of the ship Gibraltar, and promise to obey all Antonio's orders until we withdraw."

"There," said Beechnut, as he finished the writing. "You can leave the crew whenever you please, but as long as you remain in it, you must obey."

The boys began to sign the paper, one after

another. Golf asked what they should have to do.

"Just what I order you," said Beechnut.

"And suppose we don't obey?" said Golf.

"Then," replied Beechnut, "I shall strike your name off the list. That's all."

"And can't we come on again?"

"No," replied Beechnut, "not until you are first court-martialed for your disobedience, and properly punished."

As soon as two boys had signed the paper, Beechnut sent them to Mr. Henry's house to get a hammer, and some nails of a certain kind which he described to them, and also a parcel of old ropes which were in a store-room in the barn. The next two boys were sent into the village to get a kettle of tar; while those that remained with Beechnut were employed in collecting wood to build a fire, and in making wedges, and selecting wood for mallets, to be used in calking up the seams in the boat. He sent another boy, after the rest had gone, to get a hatchet and a saw.

In half an hour the boys had all returned, and then the spot where the boat was lying exhibited a very animated and busy scene. Beechnut was examining carefully all the planks and

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The repairs commenced.

Nailing.

Calking.

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boards which formed the bottom of the boat, and nailing all those which he found loose and insecure. Some of the boys were picking the old ropes to pieces to make oakum, and others were driving the oakum thus made into the seams. Beechnut was very particular in allowing none but the older and more careful of the boys to have any thing to do with the tar, for fear that they should get it upon their clothes. Some of the smaller boys wished very much to be allowed to help in the calking, that is, in driving the tarred oakum into the seams by means of the mallets and the wedges; but Beechnut was very peremptory and positive in forbidding them to have any thing to do with the tar.

The boys worked in this manner very busily and harmoniously all the afternoon, and before it was time for them to go home to supper, the whole bottom of the boat had been put in a complete state of repair. Beechnut then dismissed his crew, asking them to meet at the same place the next Saturday afternoon, and saying that then they would see if they could turn the boat over.

In the mean time the progress of the work was not wholly arrested during the week.

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Making the oars.Plan for turning the boat over.

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Beechnut made an oar for a model, and set one or two of the boys whose fathers were carpenters, and had shops and tools, at work to make others like it. The oars thus made were small and light, and were formed of pine, which rendered it very easy to make them, as pine is a wood which is very easily worked. The very strongest and toughest kinds of wood are necessary for oars to be used by men, but for Beechnut's crew great strength was not necessary.

There were many new names added to the list of Beechnut's crew during the week, and they assembled in great strength at the appointed time on the following Saturday. When all were on the ground they proceeded, under Beechnut's direction, to pry up the side of the boat, by means of long levers which Beechnut brought for the purpose from a fence near by. As fast as the boat was raised the boys propped it up with blocks of wood which they placed under it. At length they got it up upon its edge. They then carried the blocks and the levers round to the other side, and gradually let the boat down. They had previously laid rollers upon the ground where the boat was coming, so that when it came down into its

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Making the canopy.

The awning.

Seats for the oarsmen.

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place it rested upon the rollers. These rollers were to facilitate its lanching.

The boys were immediately very eager to lanch the boat and have a sail; but Beechnut said there could be no lanching for the present. They must wait at least another week. They did in fact wait a fortnight, during which time very astonishing improvements were made on board. The boat was square and flat-bottomed. It was very wide too, so that the bottom formed quite a spacious floor. Beechnut divided off a portion near the stern, for a canopy. The canopy was supported by four posts, and covered with an awning. He then made two rows of seats for the oarsmen, extending from the middle of the boat forward, on each side. There were six on a side, making seats for twelve oarsmen in all. The boat was so wide that there was room between these seats at the sides for a considerable space in the middle of the boat which was unencumbered. Through this space the boys could walk up and down the boat, from the canopy to the bows, without interfering with the oarsmen. The boat was so large and so solid in its construction that it was very steady, even when the boys were walking about the floor. So bulky

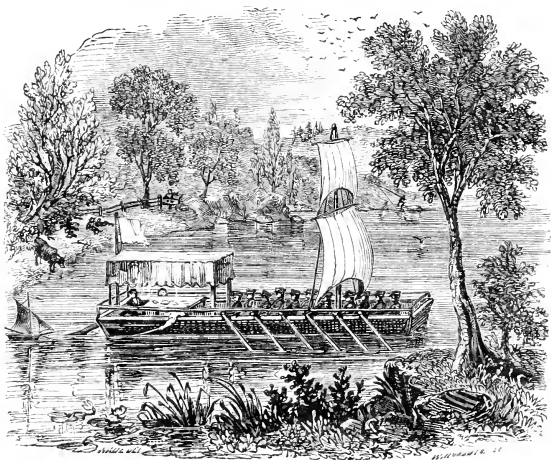


The lanching.

The first voyage.

and solid a structure would move of course very slowly through the water ; but that Beechnut thought was a circumstance of no consequence whatever.

When all was ready, the boat was swept out, and then washed very clean, and a day was appointed for the lanching. Malleville came to see. The boys pried the boat off very easily into the water, placing new rollers under her continually as she advanced. When she was afloat, the boys gave her three cheers again, and then at Beechnut's direction they all embarked and set sail for the pond.



THE GIBRALTAR.

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Working of the boat.Satisfaction of the boys.

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The boys were extremely pleased with the working of the oars, and with the slow but steady progress of the boat through the water. After entering the pond, they cruised along the shores of it, enjoying the prospect and admiring the action of the oars in propelling their vessel. For a time, it is true, the oars interfered with each other in some degree, and were frequently coming into collision. This was because the oarsmen had not learned to keep time in their strokes, so as to row all exactly together. They soon learned this, however, by practicing, under Beechnut's directions, and then they could propel the boat with great ease, and they even attained sometimes a considerable degree of speed. The boat continued to be used by the boys all the summer, and a great many very interesting excursions were made in it; though Beechnut often had difficulties with some of his crew.

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The harbor for the Gibraltar.

The lieutenants.

Rules.

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## CHAPTER VII.

## THE COURT-MARTIAL.

BEECHNUT established a harbor for his ship under a bridge not far from the house that Mr. Grey lived in. The bridge was in a very solitary place, where the water was very deep and still, and just below the bridge the brook took a turn to the left, between banks which were overhung with willows and other trees. The spot was thus very cool, shady, and secluded. It was surrounded with dense thickets too, on every side. The boys cut a path through these thickets, leading from the harbor up to the road.\*

Beechnut said that he was going to appoint four lieutenants for his ship, to take the command when he was absent. They were to be called the first, second, third, and fourth lieutenants; and the highest on the list who was present was always to command when Beechnut himself was away. The boat was never to go out unless one of the lieutenants could go

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\* See Frontispiece.

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Case of Parker.

Not admitted to the crew.

Why.

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and take the command, and not then without first coming and getting permission of Beechnut. Beechnut appointed three lieutenants, but said that he should postpone for a little time the appointment of the fourth.

Almost all the principal boys of the village enlisted in the crew. Parker was the principal exception. Even he wished to enlist, but Beechnut would not allow him to do so. He had been insubordinate and disobedient on a former occasion, when the boys were at an encampment in the woods, as has already been stated, and he had afterward refused to submit to a court-martial. So Beechnut steadily refused to admit him any more into his service, until he should first submit to trial by court-martial for the old offence. He did not refuse to let him sail with the other boys in the Gibraltar, when there was room;—but in such cases he always treated him as a passenger. He gave him a seat near the stern of the boat, and never addressed any commands to him, or allowed him to take any part in the services of the crew.

Parker pretended, for a time, to like this just as well as to be one of the crew like the rest. But he did not really like it as well. He would have often liked very much to row, or to assist

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He goes sometimes as passenger.Grand excursion planned.

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in hoisting or lowering the sail, or to be sent on commissions to the village, like the other boys. But while all the rest were busy in these and other similar occupations, Parker was compelled to stand idly by, or to sit listlessly, in lounging attitudes, in the stern of the boat, or upon logs, or rocks, when the crew were on the shore. The boys called him the gentleman, and he soon began to find his position very awkward and ridiculous.

It would have been a great deal better for him to have yielded at the first, and to have done so openly, frankly, and unconditionally ; for this is not only the most proper way, but it is altogether the most honorable and graceful way of yielding, when we are in the wrong. Parker should have said, " Yes, I'll submit to a court-martial, and I will plead guilty too, and so save the court all trouble except to decide upon the punishment."

Instead of that, he waited until just before the boys were going to set out one afternoon for a grand excursion to the Elephant, and then finding that he wished very much to join the party as one of the regular members of it, he undertook to capitulate, that is, to surrender on con-

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Parker offers to capitulate.Beechnut will make no conditions.

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ditions.\* He sadly mistook Beechnut's character, however, in supposing that he could make conditions with him.

"I will agree to be tried by a court-martial," said he to Beechnut, "and abide by their decision, and then afterward join your crew, if you will appoint me a lieutenant. There is one vacancy."

"Yes," said Beechnut, "there is one vacancy, but now you have made it impossible for me to appoint you to it."

"How?" asked Parker.

"By proposing it as a condition," replied Beechnut. "I was reserving that lieutenancy, thinking it probable you might come in by and by, and be the best man for it. But now I cannot appoint you. Commanders never appoint their officers by agreement and on conditions. They might as well *sell* their commissions."

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\* The Elephant was a very small island at a remote part of the pond, which had four large trees upon it, whose tops joined in one, and formed a mass of foliage which Beechnut imagined to look like an elephant. So he gave the island that name. The stems of the four trees formed the legs. It was a very pleasant island to land upon and encamp. A distant view of it may be seen in the picture a few pages farther on in this chapter.

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Parker concludes finally to surrender.

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Parker was silent. He did not know what to say.

“Besides,” continued Beechnut, “I have no particular wish to have you join my crew. I have got as many men as I want, already. In fact I should rather not have you join, were it not that you are an efficient and capable fellow, and can help so much and so well, when you choose to. If you only understood discipline as well as you do every thing else, I would give more for you than any man in all my troop. As it is, I care nothing about it, one way or the other, so you must not surrender to the court-martial from any hope of pleasing me. If you wish to do it for your own sake, you may.”

Parker was greatly perplexed at this speech. The compliments to his capacity softened the harshness of the reproaches which it contained, and made him feel that Beechnut was not actuated by any prejudice or ill-will, since he was so ready to perceive and acknowledge his good qualities. Had it not been for the commendations thus tempering Beechnut's severe reproofs Parker would have probably been greatly offended, and would have gone off perhaps in a rage. As it was, after a few minutes' pause, he said that he would surrender.

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He is arrested, and delivered into custody.

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“You surrender, do you?” asked Beechnut.

“Yes,” said Parker.

“Are you in earnest about it?” said Beechnut.

“Yes,” said Parker ; “certainly.”

“I will soon see,” replied Beechnut, “whether you are or not.” So saying, he began to look round among the boys, who during this conversation had been at work, some upon the bank and some on board the ship, making preparations for the embarkation. Beechnut seemed to be looking around to make a selection. Parker watched him in silence, wondering what he was going to do.

“Golf,—and Arthur,”—said Beechnut at length. “Take that man,” pointing to Parker, “and put him in irons. Then take him forward and keep him in close custody ; and put him on bread and water.”

Beechnut said this in a very stern and commanding tone, and looked, while he said it, perfectly grave. Parker smiled. The mortification and disgrace of such an absolute subjection to Beechnut’s will were very much mitigated by the pleasure of playing prisoner. Some of the smaller boys who did not know how much of serious earnest there might be in this terrible



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He is put in irons.The boat commences her voyage.

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command, looked a little frightened. Beechnut quietly drew from his pocket a handful of small iron chain, such as is bought at any hardware store under the name of jack chain, and gave it to Golf, saying, "Here are the fetters."

Golf and Arthur then went to where Parker was standing, and taking him, one at each arm, they led him along to the bow of the boat. Parker had the good sense not to make any resistance. Golf and Arthur seated their prisoner upon a low seat at the bows of the boat, and then directing him to put his feet together, they passed the chain round and round his ankles, and finally hooked the end of it into one of the links, and thus made it secure.

"Now," said Arthur, "if you jump overboard and try to escape, you will find it pretty hard work to swim."

By the time that the prisoner was thus secured, the various articles which the boys had been putting on board were all properly stowed in their respective places, and then Beechnut gave orders to man the oars. He stationed one of his men at the helm while he took his own station near the center of the boat, to give his orders. The boat was soon put in motion, and it glided very smoothly under the bridge, taking

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The oarsmen.

Their dresses.

The water and the shores.

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the direction toward the pond. As soon as it had passed the bridge the mast was raised, but the sail was not spread, for the wind was contrary. Beechnut said that he was glad of this, for it would be fair for them coming back. The boys were therefore compelled to propel the boat by means of the oars. This was however very easy, for the oars were light and well poised, and there were a great many of them. There were six on each side, making twelve in all. When all these rowers were at work, the boat glided very smoothly and beautifully through the water.

It was a warm and pleasant summer afternoon, and the boys all wore light thin dresses, and besides this they had all taken off their jackets and placed them under their seats. As they were rowing along in this way, Beechnut gave the helmsman such orders in respect to the steering that the boat was directed along a beautiful shore, where the water was very shallow for a great distance from the beach, the bottom being of yellow sand, and as smooth and hard as a floor. At length, Beechnut, standing at his post directly in front of the canopy, a place which he called his quarter-deck, gave the order to take in the oars. This meant that

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The boys all ordered overboard.

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the boys were to stop rowing, take the oars in, and lay them in their places close along the gunwale of the boat, on the inside, and then sit still in their seats ready for the next orders which might be issued. The boys accordingly did so.

“Oarsmen stand up upon the seats!” said Beechnut.

The oarsmen all immediately rose and stepped up upon their seats.

“Shoes off!” said Beechnut.

The boys immediately took off their shoes, and put them down upon the floor of the boat. As for stockings, they did not wear any.

“Overboard!” said Beechnut.

The boys, who were always accustomed to obey Beechnut’s orders in the most implicit and unhesitating manner, immediately leaped over into the water. It was not however much more than knee-deep, and was very warm.

“Now,” said Beechnut, “take hold of the boat along the sides, and walk her through the water.”

The boys enjoyed this operation very highly. They went on so for a great distance. By thus walking through the water they not only gave their limbs an agreeable bathing, but by chang-

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The court-martial convened.The prisoner.

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ing their mode of propelling the boat so entirely, they rested from the labor of rowing, without at all interrupting the progress of the voyage. At length the water began to deepen, and Beechnut ordered the oarsmen on board again.

Beechnut then by means of certain directions to the helmsman, took the boat round a rocky promontory covered with forest trees, into a shady cove situated upon the other side of it, and ordered the boys to take in the oars. He said that he was going now to attend to the court-martial. The court was to consist, he said, of the three lieutenants. He called those officers together, and directed them to take seats under the canopy. He then ordered Golf and Arthur to bring up the prisoner. Golf took the chain from off Parker's feet so as to enable him to walk, and fastened it, instead, around his arms, which Parker held, for this purpose, folded before him. They then led the prisoner up in front of the canopy, and gave him a seat there upon a stool.

"You are accused," said Beechnut, "of disobedience of orders and desertion, on the day of our encampment in the woods; are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty," said Parker.

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Progress of the trial.

The witnesses.

Their testimony.

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“Then I will call the witnesses,” said Beechnut, “and the court will listen to the evidence.”

While these proceedings had been going on, the oarsmen and all the rest of the crew had gathered near, and now stood crowding around in a circle, to listen to the proceedings. Beechnut looked around upon them all to select his witnesses. At length he called two or three boys forward, and directed them to state the facts. These boys said that once at a time during the last winter, when they were on an excursion into the woods to form an encampment, they had, on one of the sleds, a bundle of buffalo robes, which they had intended to spread down upon the snow to sit upon before the fire; that when they got to the encampment, Parker not only would not help them build the fire, but went and took possession of the sled and the bundle of buffaloes and pulled it up to the fire and sat down upon it, and that when Beechnut directed him to give it up he refused to do so; that he also refused to help the boys about their work, both at the encampment and afterward on the march, thus deserting the service altogether.

Beechnut then asked Parker if he had any thing to offer in his defense.

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Parker's defense.The court decide that he is guilty.

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Parker said that he did not disobey in respect to building the fire, for Beechnut did not order him to help in that work ; and that he did not refuse to give up the buffalo robes when Beechnut called for them, but on the contrary he said that he would give them up as soon as he had warmed his feet. He said moreover that he did not desert at all, for he remained with the boys at the encampment, and kept with them all the way coming home, until he broke through the ice into the brook, and then he was obliged to run home as fast as he could to avoid taking cold ; and he was sure that that was not desertion.

After Parker had finished saying all that he had to offer in his defense, Beechnut directed the three lieutenants to confer together and decide upon the verdict. They did so. In a few minutes the first lieutenant said that they had agreed that the prisoner was guilty of disobedience of orders, but not guilty of desertion. Beechnut then ordered the prisoner to be taken back to the bows of the boat, saying that he would call him up again presently to receive his sentence.

Beechnut then ordered the oarsmen to take their places and man the oars. They were

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The prisoner brought up to hear his sentence.

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thus soon all ready to proceed on their way again, and when the command was given they began to row, and the boat moved on through the water. Beechnut gave directions to the helmsman to head the boat toward a certain wild and rocky island situated not very far from the Elephant, out toward the middle of the pond. After proceeding for some minutes in this direction, the boys, at Beechnut's command, stopped their rowing, though they all remained in their places and held their oars motionless, resting on the gunwale of the boat and poised in the air. Beechnut then called upon the keepers to bring their prisoner aft to hear his sentence.

Golf and Arthur accordingly led Parker up toward the quarter-deck where Beechnut was standing, and then Beechnut with a very grave face and in a very serious and solemn tone of voice, told him that he had been tried by court-martial and convicted of disobedience of orders, and that his sentence was to be put ashore upon an uninhabited island and abandoned there.

"You see the island," said Beechnut, pointing to the wild and rocky one which has already been mentioned. "You will find no inhabitants upon it but savages, and perhaps not even them.

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The sentence.The effect produced by it.

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Your only chance will be to put a white flag on a pole, and then perhaps some ship coming along may receive you. We shall not carry you actually to the land, but as soon as we get near it we shall throw you overboard to find your way to the place as you can. But you may take off his irons," continued Beechnut, speaking to Golf and Arthur, "so that he can have the use of his arms. We will give him a *chance* for his life."

Although Beechnut said all this in a very grave and serious manner, yet Parker and all the other boys knew very well that his plan was, under the guise of punishment for Parker, to make amusement for the whole company. Parker himself, who was an excellent swimmer, would like no better sport than to be thrown overboard from a boat, within any reasonable distance of the land; and as to being abandoned on the island, he knew very well that Beechnut would not leave him there long. He was therefore very well satisfied with his sentence, while however he pretended all the time to be in a state of extreme distress and trepidation. The other boys seemed to enjoy very highly the prospect of such a punishment, and began soon to evince the greatest excitement and hilarity.



When the boat was pretty near the shore, Beechnut ordered the boys to stop rowing, and then directed Parker to take off his hat, his jacket, and his shoes. The clothes that remained were very light and thin, and would do very little to impede the motion of the limbs in swimming. In fact, the boys were very much accustomed to go into the water to swim with a part of their clothes on, especially when the day was so warm and sunny that the clothes would dry again very soon when they came out of the water.

When Parker was ready, Beechnut ordered him to lie down upon his back, near the bows of the boat, and then designated six of the biggest and strongest boys in his crew to take their places on each side of him.

“Now, my men,” said Beechnut, “when all is ready, I shall give you the command thus:—‘Swing once—swing twice—swing thrice and over,’ and at the word ‘over,’ you must pitch him headforemost into the sea.”

The six boys stood all ready, with countenances full of excitement and pleasure, as if they were impatient for the command, while the rest of the crew gathered round, eager to see.

“Clinch him,” said Beechnut.

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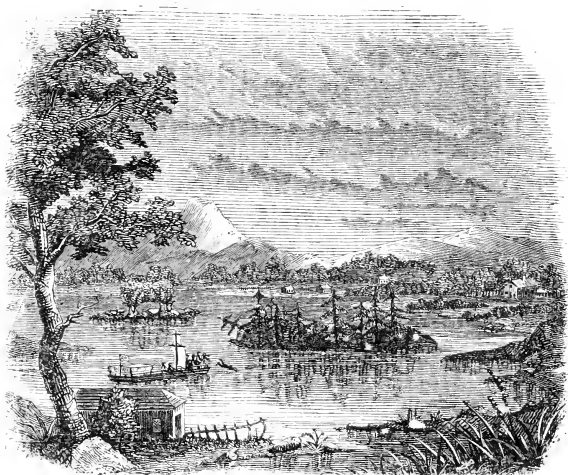
Parker thrown overboard.

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The six boys stooped down and grasped the prisoner by his limbs and by his clothes, wherever they could best get hold, and raised him into the air.

“Swing once,” said Beechnut,—“swing twice—swing three—times—and over.”

And over he went at the word, with a tremendous plunge. He went down entirely, and the water closed over his head



OVERBOARD.

Parker was so good a swimmer, and had so good a command of himself in the water, that

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Parker submits to his punishment goodnaturedly.

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he might have avoided going much below the surface, if he had been disposed to do so. He was, however, rather proud of his powers as a diver, and he seemed to consider this a good opportunity of making a little exhibition of them. Accordingly, instead of attempting to come up, he went down to the bottom. The boys watched for him from the boat. Presently they saw him coming into view again very far down in the dark water. He came up rapidly to the surface, and then tossing his hand out of the water, he threw a little handful of pebble stones over into the boat, and then swam off toward the shore.

“Now, my men,” said Beechnut, “three cheers for the ejected mutineer.” The boys gave the three cheers with great enthusiasm, and then at Beechnut’s command they went to their places, manned the oars, and began to row along. Parker, in the mean time, swam to the shore, and climbing up upon the rocks, sat down in the sun, and breaking off a branch from a little bush growing near him, he waved it in the air.

Beechnut proceeded to the Elephant, and landed the stores and implements which the boys had brought for their encampment, and

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The Elephant.	The encampment there.	Refreshments.
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left two boys there to make the preparations for the supper. Then he took the boat and went back to the island where Parker had been left, and took him on board. They then returned to the Elephant, where Parker signed his name on the list of the crew, and was thus reinstated in his former position as one of Beechnut's men.

The boys remained at their encampment at the Elephant more than two hours. They sat down upon the grass eating the provisions which they had brought with them, and enjoying the cool breeze which came in under the trees from off the surface of the water. At length Beechnut gave orders to embark again. The boys expected that they were going now to hoist the sail, and go directly back toward home without the fatigue of rowing. But Beechnut had another plan. He ordered the men to take their places at the oars.

Beechnut's plan was this:—There was an island at a little distance from the place where they were, which contained a ledge of slaty rocks. In one place, this ledge had been so split to pieces by the frost, or by natural decay, that a large number of flat stones could be obtained from it very easily and very near the

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Beechnut proposes a new plan.The boys approve of it.

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shore. Beechnut explained all this to the boys, and said that he was going to this ledge to get a load of stones, and carry them to Mr. Grey to help him build his wall.

The boys all approved this plan very cordially, and pulled at their oars with a very hearty good-will. They soon reached the island. Beechnut brought the boat up to the shore,—bows on,—at a place where there was a flat rock at the edge of the water, which formed a sort of wharf. Then leaving one or two boys to guard the boat, and to keep it from floating away, he conducted the rest to the shore, and directed each of them to take up as large a stone as he could conveniently carry. The boys, thus loaded, returned to the boat, where they deposited their burdens. They then returned to the quarry for another load. This they did four times. The stones which they brought on board were piled up in a compact form along the middle of the boat, where they formed a very considerable cargo.

The boys then went to their seats, the boat was pushed off, the sail was hoisted, and the Gibraltar, with her heavy freight and her numerous company, began to move pretty fast over the water toward home. The boys en-

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The cargo of stones.Mr. Grey is much pleased.

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joyed very highly the opportunity to rest from their labors, as they were wafted along by the wind, and sat talking together upon their seats, or walked about the boat at their leisure, while some of the smaller ones amused themselves with climbing up upon the heap of stones. Beechnut, too, entertained them with an endless variety of plays and of amusing stories which he related, so that the time passed very rapidly away. The helmsman steered the boat directly toward the outlet of the pond. When they reached the outlet, they followed the stream until they came opposite to Mr. Grey's house, which was nearer to the pond than the bridge. Here they stopped to deliver the stone.

Mr. Grey saw the sail gliding along among the trees as the boat was coming, and though he had no idea that the craft was freighted with a cargo for him, he came down to the bank of the stream to see it as it passed. As it drew near, his eye was attracted to the heap of flat stones in the boat. He uttered some exclamation of surprise and then said,

"Where do you get such stones as those, boys?"

"On an island in the pond," said Beechnut.

"On an island!" repeated Mr. Grey. "That

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His proposal to buy more stones.

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is bad. I wish you could find some stones like those somewhere on the main land. They are exactly what I want for my wall,—just the thing for quoining up.”

What Mr. Grey meant by quoining up, was filling in the spaces under the large stones when they did not fit exactly to those below them, and thus wedging them up to their proper level.

“We brought this load for you,” said Beechnut, “and we will throw them ashore right here.”

“I am sure I am very much obliged to you,” said Mr. Grey. “It is just what I want. I was getting very short of that kind of stone. I will give you a half a dollar a load for as many of such loads as you will bring me.”

“We might pay for the boat with four loads,” said Parker.

“Yes,” said Beechnut ; “we will think about that.” So saying, he called upon the boys to unload the stones. Mr. Grey helped them, so that the cargo was soon landed, after which the boys went with their boat to its place under the bridge, where they moored it safely in its accustomed place of rest, and then they all went home.

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The outlet stream.The bridge a general rendezvous.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

## ASCENDING THE MOUNTAINS.

THE outlet stream which flowed from the pond where Beechnut and his party sailed in the Gibraltar, emptied into the river at last by a broad estuary, after having wandered through a very considerable extent of country in very devious meanderings: It was not possible however to sail *down* this stream to the river, on account of the dams and water-falls that were in the way. The boat could not therefore be brought to the glen where Mr. Henry lived, but whenever any persons from Mrs. Henry's wished to sail in it, it was necessary for them to go on toward the village until they came to the bridge where Beechnut had established the harbor. Thus the bridge became at length a sort of general rendezvous, and it was very often appointed as the place of meeting for parties going on excursions by land.

One day, toward the latter part of Wallace's summer vacation, a plan was formed by a small village party, to go up the mountains to gather



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Blueberry party.Malleville wishes to go.

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blueberries. The party were to meet at the bridge. Caroline was the projector of the plan. The company consisted of about half a dozen of the older girls and boys of the village, together with Wallace, Beechnut, Phonny, and Malleville. Malleville did not know that she was to go until the evening before the appointed day. Then, when she saw the others beginning to make their preparations, and learned the nature of the plan, she became very eager to be allowed to go too. Wallace told her that Beechnut was to have the main care and trouble of getting the party up and down the mountains, and that she must go and ask him.

Malleville accordingly ran out to find Beechnut. He was in a back room arranging some baskets, and some covered tin pails, and packing them with provisions, for the party to carry the next day.

"Beechnut," said Malleville, "may I go with you over the mountains to-morrow?"

"You!" said Beechnut, speaking in a tone of surprise, without however looking up from his work.

"Yes," said Malleville. "I want to go very much."

"Well now," said Beechnut, rising and turn-

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She appeals to Beechnut.His decision.

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ing to Malleville, "the case is that we can't have any *little* girls in our party. Little girls couldn't find the blueberries, and would think that every black stump they see is a bear. We can't possibly have any girls in our party unless they are as tall as *that*."

As Beechnut said the word that, he made a chalk mark upon an upright beam in the side of the room, with a piece of chalk which he took from his pocket while he was speaking the first part of the sentence.

At the instant of making the mark he glanced his eye furtively at Malleville's head, and he took care to have the mark at such a height from the floor as to be several inches below the place where he perceived the top of Malleville's head would come.

"There," said Beechnut, going back to his work again, "we could not possibly let any girls go with us over the mountains unless they are as large as that."

Malleville walked eagerly to the place, and stood up against the post, with her back toward it, and then turned her head upward and backward as well as she could, to see where the chalk mark was.

"I'm above it!" she exclaimed, clapping her

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Malleville is overjoyed.Assembling of the party.

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hands. "Look! Beechnut, look! I'm above it."

Beechnut came to Malleville, with an expression of great surprise upon his countenance.

"Why, how tall you have grown!" said he. "Astonishing! What a great girl you are! when did you grow up so tall?"

"I can go," said Malleville, dancing away from the post and clapping her hands. "I'm higher than the chalk, and I can go." And off she ran to communicate the tidings to Phonny.

The party set off from Mr. Henry's soon after breakfast. They were to meet the village division of the company at the bridge at eight o'clock. The morning was very pleasant, and it was not very warm. They all carried baskets or pails containing provisions and refreshments of various kinds, from which the party were to make their dinner on the mountains, and so use the baskets and pails to bring back the berries on their return.

When they arrived at the bridge, they found Mary Bell and two or three others already there. Caroline, and Parker, accompanied by some others from the village, arrived a few minutes later. The whole company, as they met, were

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Usual mode of procedure in parties of pleasure.

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full of animation and excitement, greeting each other with many exclamations of delight, and saying over and over again how fortunate they were in having so beautiful a day.

In parties of pleasure, it is generally the case that the ladies leave the general direction of affairs to the gentlemen, both because the judgment of the gentlemen is presumed to be better than that of ladies in respect to the arrangements which are to be made,—and also because the labor and care, so far as there is any such responsibility connected with the expedition, devolve almost wholly upon the former, and it seems therefore right that they should have the privilege of deciding how much they will assume. There are some ladies however who are very fond in such cases of assuming the direction themselves. They are very ready to express their wishes that this or that should be done, wishes that are formed sometimes without without much consideration—and they always expect that the gentlemen will evince a proper degree of readiness and alacrity in carrying their proposals into effect. It would almost seem as if the pleasure which some ladies experience in such cases is simply the gratification of their vanity and love of power, at having

gentlemen obviously obedient to their behests and under their control. Other ladies on the contrary seem unable to conceive of there being any pleasure in receiving attentions from gentlemen which are exacted or required, by previous expressions or intimations on their part of a wish to receive them. A favor shown to them must be entirely spontaneous, or else they think it is no proof of kind regard, and consequently of no value.

There was a striking difference between Caroline and Mary Bell in this respect. Caroline was very fond of having all the young gentlemen in the party, on any such excursion or expedition as this, employed in her service. She would ask one to carry her basket for her, and another to cut her a staff to help her walk up the steep paths. If she saw a flower growing upon a high bank, she would stop and admire it, until one of the boys went up to get it for her; and the higher and more inaccessible the spot was in which the flower grew, the greater was the pleasure which she experienced in seeing her devoted attendant climb for it. And yet she was in most cases tolerably considerate and reasonable in these requisitions. And then she was herself so amiable and good-natured,

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Mary Bell never exacted attentions.

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and, moreover, so beautiful in person, and so fascinating in her conversation and manners, that the boys were generally very ready to execute her will. Sometimes, however, she went a little beyond reasonable bounds, and the boys became tired of waiting upon her. In such cases, the younger boys would openly refuse to go on complying with her requests, though the older ones, who were restrained by politeness from manifesting discontent, would feel it none the less for keeping it concealed.

Mary Bell was of a very different disposition from Caroline in this respect. She never exacted attentions from any one. If any person for whom she had a kind regard, rendered her a service or a favor, of their own accord, it gave her great pleasure. If they brought her a flower because they themselves thought it would please her to receive it, it did please her very much, but a flower which she had herself sent somebody to bring, would have had no other value than that which the flower itself intrinsically possessed; and if she wished for it on that account, she would rather go and get it herself, than to have any young gentleman get it for her in obedience to an intimation on her part which it would not be polite in him to disregard.

Just before the party were ready to set out from the bridge, Caroline looked over the railing on the lower side, and saw the end of Beechnut's boat, the Gibraltar. It projected a little from under the bridge. "Oh, here is the Gibraltar," said she, "let us go in the Gibraltar a little way. It will be delightful to sail along in the boat as far as the water goes. Besides, it will save our walking a part of the way, and so we shall not get so tired."

"There's nobody to row," said Mary Bell.

"Oh, yes," said Caroline, "there are,—one, two, three, four—four boys here, not counting Phonny."

"I can row," said Phonny.

"Yes," said Caroline, "and we girls can help if necessary. I don't think the boat is very heavy. Beechnut and Wallace could row it alone, I dare say. Couldn't you, Wallace?"

"I presume we could, slowly," said Wallace.

"Yes,—and we don't wish to go very fast. Come."

So saying, Caroline went through an open place in the fence at the end of the bridge, and ran down a little path which led to the harbor, followed by the younger boys, and by quite a number of the girls. A few of the more con-

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The party divide.Mary Bell's plan.

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siderate of the party, including Wallace and Beechnut, remained upon the bridge.

"Come!" said Caroline, looking up to them from below.

There were two or three little girls, one of whom was Malleville, who were standing near Mary Bell, upon the bridge.

"I am afraid to go in the boat," said one of them, timidly.

"So am I," said Malleville.

"Oh, there is no danger," said Caroline. "Besides, if any of you are afraid, you can walk along the path, upon the shore."

"Yes," said Mary Bell, "and I will go with them to take care of them." So saying, Mary Bell took up her loaded basket, and gave the children theirs, and began to walk along.

"Yes," said Wallace, speaking to Beechnut. "Why will not that be a good plan?—divide the company, and let a part go in the boat with you, and the rest walk along the shore. If you will go and take care of the boat, I will take care of the party on the land."

"Oh, no," said Caroline, "we shall want you to help row."

Wallace did not reply to this, but he looked a little disappointed and perplexed. He wished



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Wallace relieves Mary Bell of the basket.

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very much to gratify Caroline, and yet he did not like to leave Mary Bell to walk along with the young children alone.

“There is no need of her carrying that heavy basket, at any rate,” said Wallace. So he called out to Mary Bell, and asked her to stop a moment.

He went along the path until he reached the place where she was standing, and said,

“I am sorry to have you walk, while the rest are sailing, and, at all events, we can take your basket. *That* can go in the boat, as well as not.”

“I can carry it,” said Mary Bell. “It is not heavy.”

“No,” said Wallace, “you must not carry it.” And he took the basket gently out of her hand.

“You must not go fast,” said he, “so as to run away from us. The boat is so heavy that it will go very slowly, and you must stop here and there on the bank, so as to let us keep up with you.”

“Well,” said Mary Bell, “I will.”

“Come,” said Caroline to Wallace, calling out to him from beneath the bridge.

Wallace turned round and looking under the

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The embarkation.Caroline's attempt to row.

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bridge he saw Caroline standing on the bank, upon the farther side of it, ready to get into the boat. Beechnut had gone down and had unfastened the chain by which the boat had been secured to its moorings. The other boys were putting in the baskets and pails, and many of the girls had already embarked.

Wallace assisted Caroline to get in, and then got in himself, and the boat pushed off. There were four to row, but the boat proceeded very slowly. Caroline sat at her ease under the canopy, and said that it was delightful sailing over such a beautiful stream and on such a pleasant morning. After a time she put in an oar herself and tried to row, saying that she wished that they could go faster. She did not, however, succeed very well. When she dipped her oar into the water, it seemed to get caught there somehow or other, so that she could not get it out again;—a difficulty which is often encountered by inexperienced rowers. Wallace offered to teach her to row, if she wished to learn, and began to give her directions in respect to the mode of holding and managing her oar; but she said that she did not wish to row any more that day; she was tired. So she took the oar in and went back and took her

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The group on shore.Flowers.

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seat under the canopy. Beechnut and Wallace were glad of this, for the catching and dragging of her oar in the water only impeded the motion of the boat, and made their hard work still harder.

All this time Wallace watched, as well as he could, the motions and progress of the party on the shore. He could not do this however very conveniently, for Mary Bell, though she stopped occasionally upon some green bank or at a projecting point of land, for the Gibraltar to come up, kept usually a little in advance, so that the oarsmen, who were sitting of course as oarsmen always do, with their backs toward the bows of the boat, could not see her or her party without turning round, or looking over their shoulders. Wallace did turn round repeatedly, asking Mary Bell frequently how she got along, and calling her attention and that of the children who were with her to flowers which he saw along the bank, with a view of their gathering them and adding them to the bouquets which he saw they were making.

At one time the boat came very near to a rocky point, on which Mary Bell and the children were standing when the boat was passing by. Their bouquets had become very large,

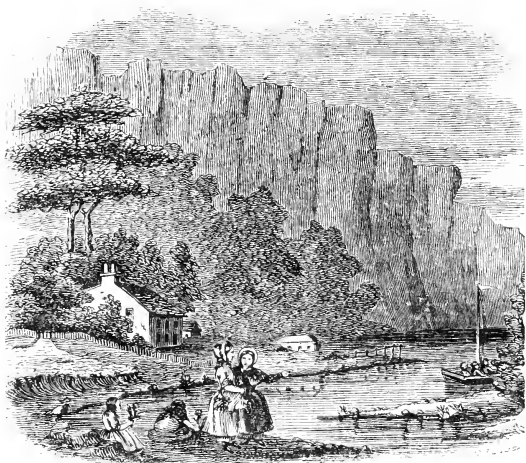
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They watch the boat.

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and as the children stood upon the point, holding these large bunches of beautiful flowers in their hands, they formed a very picturesque and charming group, though they appeared entirely unconscious how beautiful they themselves looked, and seemed wholly occupied in admiring the boat, as it glided smoothly and gracefully through the water.

“What splendid flowers!” said Wallace. “But what are you going to do with them? They will all wither and fade if you attempt to carry them with you up the mountain.”



MARY BELL AND THE FLOWERS.

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Caroline is tired of sailing.They conclude to land.

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“I know it,” said Mary Bell. “We will dispose of them in some other way. I thought it would amuse the children to gather them, as we walked along.”

“I am going to keep mine,” said Malleville, “till I get home.”

“So am I,” said another of the girls.

Mary Bell looked at Wallace and smiled, and then said to the children, “Come; the boat has gone by, let us walk along.”

Caroline was beginning to be a little tired of sailing, and the girls who were with her under the canopy, seeing how beautifully Mary Bell and her party looked, walking along the green and shady bank, and gathering flowers, began to wish to land that they might do so too. It was decided therefore that as soon as they had passed round the next turn of the brook they would go ashore, and all walk for the rest of the way. In fact, after the next turn they would reach the spot where the brook widened out towards the pond, and here the path up the mountain led away from the water through thickets and woods: so that they could not in fact go any farther in the boat.

It took some time to get round the last turn of the brook so as reach the place where Beech-

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Mary Bell's garden in the sand.

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nut thought it was best to leave the boat. As they approached the land they saw Mary Bell and the children who were with her very busily engaged about some work which they seemed to be doing upon the beach. As soon as the boat touched the shore the children that were in it, all ran to see. They found that Mary Bell was engaged with her party in making a garden with the flowers which they had gathered, by setting them in the sand. The place which they had chosen for the garden was a smooth and very level surface of sand which extended along the beach under the shade of some large trees which here overhung the water. The sand was dry upon the surface, but it was very moist below, and this, as Mary Bell said, would tend to keep the flowers from fading. Mary Bell had marked out the paths and the borders of the garden, and the children were all busily engaged in putting down the flowers. They set the largest and highest flowers at the corners, and the others in rows between them, arranging the colors so as to produce a pretty effect. There was a little circle in the middle of the garden where some of the largest and most beautiful of the flowers were planted. When Wallace and Caroline

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Caroline's opinion.Mary Bell's reply.

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came up, Mary Bell was sitting upon the bank under the trees, while the children of her party were finishing the planting.

Wallace and Beechnut, together with the other boys who had been rowing, sat down upon the bank too, being apparently tired. The girls gathered around the garden, and all seemed to admire it very much, except Caroline, who said that the flowers were pretty enough, but that it was foolish to stick them down there in the sand, for they never would live.

"It *was* rather foolish," said Mary Bell,—"*or at least—*"

Mary Bell paused without finishing what she had begun to say. The words which were in her mind were,—"*or at least it would have been foolish if we had put them there with any expectation of making them live.*"

The fact was, that Caroline was a little out of humor. The sail in the boat had not turned out to be as pleasant as she had expected, and the attention and interest of the party had been turned almost entirely, during the whole time, toward Mary Bell and those who were with her upon the land. Caroline was, accordingly, a little vexed. The vexation, however, was slight

and very momentary. Notwithstanding some superficial faults, Caroline was a girl of a noble and generous spirit. She immediately perceived how unjust it was to be vexed with Mary Bell on account of results which had ensued solely from her own inconsiderate selfishness. In reply, therefore, to Mary Bell's good-natured admission, that it was rather foolish to make such a garden, she changed her tone at once and entirely, and said in a very frank and cordial manner :

“ No, it was not foolish at all, and I ought to be ashamed of myself for saying so.”

Mary Bell had risen from her seat, and was preparing to go on, when Caroline said this. Caroline went up to her, and putting her arm around her, began to lead her along. They walked on in this manner a few steps, each having her arm around the other, when Mary Bell said to her in an undertone,

“ Let us go and take some of the pails or baskets to carry. Perhaps the boys are tired with rowing.”

“ So we will,” said Caroline. The two girls then went back to the boat where the boys were busy taking out the baskets and pails. Mary Bell, without saying any thing to any one, took



up some of the smaller baskets, and distributed them to the several girls, and directed the girls to walk along the path which led into the woods. She then took some of the largest baskets which were left on the ground, herself, and quickly followed them. Caroline was not satisfied with such an one as Mary Bell had taken. It was not large and heavy enough. So she went to Wallace, who had the heaviest basket of all in his hand, and asked him to let her carry that.

"No," said Wallace. "By no means."

"Yes," said Caroline. "You have been rowing all this time to please me, and you must be tired. So I insist upon carrying the heavy basket. You must find a lighter one."

Wallace refused and Caroline insisted. After a short altercation, Wallace yielded, and Caroline took the basket. Wallace found another, considerably smaller, which he began to carry instead. Caroline, however, did not carry her heavy burden very far. She went with it a short distance, and then seeming to be very tired, she set it down upon a flat stone, when Wallace was coming by, in order apparently that she might rest. Wallace insisted on taking it, as, in fact, he was bound in politeness to

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The ascent.Caroline's course.

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do. After a feeble resistance, Caroline yielded, and Wallace went on with them both. Caroline made various applications to the other members of the party, asking them to give up their baskets to her ; but none seemed inclined to do so, and so she was compelled, as she said, to go on without one. She might have relieved Wallace of the smaller of the two baskets which he was carrying, but she did not seem to think of that plan. But though she was thus prevented from assisting the party in carrying their burdens up the hill, she cheered and enlivened them during their progress by her sprightly conversation, her joyous laugh, and her perpetual sallies of wit and humor. Sometimes she would climb up upon the rocks on the side of the path, to astonish the party by an exhibition of her courage and activity, or to gather flowers. At other times, she would go forward and disappear, and then come unexpectedly into view again on the top of some apparently inaccessible cliff or rocky projection,—or she would hide in a thicket and frighten the children of the party by some strange noise, or loud exclamation, when they came along.

The party went on thus, slowly but steadily ascending all the time, until at length they

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The summit.Beechnut's tent.

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reached a great elevation. Here they found openings in the forests where there were broad slopes of land and rounded rocky summits, all covered with blue-berry bushes. They proceeded, however, still farther on, in search of the place which Beechnut had selected for their encampment. They arrived at the spot at last. It was a broad flat surface surrounded by rocky precipices, very wild and picturesque, but very convenient for a mountain encampment. There was a spring of cool water near. It gushed out copiously from the foot of a precipice, and formed a little rill, which, after running along the ground a little way, disappeared among the rocks and thickets.

"I wish we had your tent here," said Malleville to Beechnut.

Malleville referred to a small tent which Beechnut had made, and which he was accustomed sometimes to carry on such expeditions as this.

"It is here," said Beechnut. So saying, he went toward a cleft in the rock which was near, and drew forth his tent. He had brought it up the night before, so that it might be ready. The whole party shouted out with joy at this discovery. The tent was pitched, the provisions were

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Blue-berry picking.

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all stored carefully under it, and then, after getting a good drink of water, all around, at the spring, the children took the empty baskets and pails, and went off in search of blue-berries.

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE LOST BONNET.

THE place which Beechnut had chosen for the encampment of the party was very wild and picturesque, and yet very beautiful. It was upon a sort of plateau, or level area, among the rocks, with tall fir trees and perpendicular cliffs hanging over it, and vast chasms and precipices in front and at the sides. It was approached by a circuitous and winding path somewhat difficult to ascend. This path was really safe, but there was enough of the semblance of danger in its steepness and unguardedness to make the children feel a strong interest in the work of climbing up, and to fill their hearts with an emotion of satisfaction and triumph when they found that they had surmounted the difficulty, and were standing securely on the sublime elevation to which it had conducted them.

The place was shaded in some parts by tall firs and pines, which grew wildly wherever there were cavities in the rocks which were

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The old hollow log near the tent.

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filled with soil, or clung to the sides or summits of the cliffs by means of long and tenacious roots which they sent down into the seams and crevices. Here and there the trunks of ancient trees which had been overturned in former years by the winds, lay upon the ground, buried and concealed by the rank growth of brakes, ferns, laurels, and raspberry bushes, which had sprung up around them. There was one such log, very old and hollow at one end, which lay pretty near the place where Beechnut had pitched his tent. The open end of it, which was turned toward the tent, formed a mouth, like that of an oven. From this open and hollow end the log extended a long distance among the bushes, with its own broken and decayed branches lying by its side, until at last it was lost in an inextricable maze of old and dry logs, stumps, and tangled branches, which formed a dry, and brown, and withered heap, that contrasted strongly with the fresh green shoots of the birches, firs and pines which were growing up luxuriously in the midst of it.

When the party left their tent and went away to commence the gathering of the blue berries, they supposed that the place which they had chosen for their encampment was so

wild and secluded that the arrangements which they had made there would remain wholly unseen and unknown until they should return. They had not been gone more than half an hour however before the spot was visited, and the tent discovered, by a strange observer, who was very much alarmed at what she saw. This observer was a large and beautiful mother squirrel. It was a grey squirrel,—the kind which the boys at Franconia most highly admired. Beechnut saw this squirrel the evening before when he came up with the tent. She was standing when he first saw her, on the point of a rock watching Beechnut very anxiously to see whether he would go near to the place where her nest was, which as it had two young ones in it, was of course an object with her, of great maternal solicitude. After Beechnut had put his tent in the cleft where he had intended to hide it until the next day, he still saw the squirrel standing motionless on the rock, and watching him with one of her jet black eyes.

“Ah—I see you, old mother Bunnianne,” said Beechnut, “with your cheeks stuffed full of berries for supper for your children. I wonder where you live.”

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Beechnut's conversation.Bunnianne's alarm.

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"I wish I had that tail of yours," continued Beechnut, "for a plume, to give Phonny, or else one of your little Bunnies;—about as long, I suppose they are, as my thumb. I'll give you a quart of walnuts for one of them,—or even almonds, which are sweeter still. What do you say? Almonds are a great deal better than acorns."

Bunnianne cocked her head round, so as to take a look at Beechnut with her other eye, but said nothing.

Now the observer that discovered the tent after the party had pitched it and gone away, was this very Bunnianne. She was returning to her nest along the branches of the fir trees in the thicket when her attention was arrested by the sight of the tent. She was astonished and greatly alarmed. Her nest was in the hollow trunk which has already been described, about midway of its length, and as the tent was not very far from one end of the log, it was to be expected that a mother, naturally so timid and anxious as she, would be somewhat startled at such an unexpected apparition.

Bunnianne ran out to the end of the branch of the fir-tree upon which she was standing when the tent came first into view, until the



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Bunnianne reconnoitres the encampment.

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end bent down under her weight so far that she could swing herself from it to the end of a bough belonging to another tree. She ran along this bough a little way, and then stopped and began again to examine the tent. What could it be? Was it some sort of a trap, set to catch her? Or was it possible that it was an enormous mushroom that had suddenly sprung up out of the ground? She looked at it very attentively for a few minutes without being able to come to any satisfactory conclusion, and then began to think of her little ones. She was anxious to know whether they were safe. So she ran along the bough of the fir-tree to the main stem, thence down the main stem half way to the ground, and then leaping four feet through the air to her log, she ran along upon it till she came to a small hole in a crotch near the place where her nest was situated within; and then lowering her tail she crept into the hole, drawing her tail in gently after her. To her great joy she found her young squirrels perfectly safe. In fact, they were all asleep, being perfectly unconscious that any tent had been erected near their dwelling.

Still Bunnianne, though much relieved at finding all safe at her nest, was by no means

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Phonny's approach alarms her.

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easy. She came out of her hole repeatedly to look at the tent. Finally she crept softly along toward it to examine it more closely. Finding that there was no motion or sound to be observed, she advanced farther. She went into the door and crept cautiously around. There were various baskets, boxes, and parcels lying on the ground. She examined these attentively, creeping over them, smelling of them, and attempting to pull them open with her paws. She succeeded in getting so far into one parcel which was wrapped up in a newspaper, as to come to the edge of a cracker, which she began to nibble. It tasted like corn, she thought, only much nicer and more delicate. She was just beginning to consider the possibility of carrying home a portion of it to her young ones, when she heard a noise of voices and of the trampling of feet among the branches and leaves, as if somebody was coming. She ran out of the tent, scrambled through the grass to her log, and mounted upon the end of it. She saw a boy and two or three girls coming along the pathway, up the rocks. It was Phonny accompanied by some of the younger girls of the party who had got tired of gathering blueber-

Retreat.

Phonny's caution.

Augusta.

ries, and had concluded to come back to the tent and rest there and get ready for dinner.

Bunnianne ran along her log as fast as she could go,—sprang from the end of it to the fir-tree,—ran up the bark to the first limb, and hiding in the crotch of it at a place where she could see without being seen, she began to watch Phonny and the children, to see what they would do.

“Carry your baskets carefully,” said Phonny, “and look out where you step, or you will tumble down and spill all your berries among the rocks, as I did once.”

The children obeying this injunction, came slowly forward, until at length they all safely reached the tent.

“There,” said Phonny, “we will put our berries in the tent, and then we’ll get ready for the dinner.”

“What can we do about the dinner?” asked Augusta. Augusta was a very bright-eyed and active girl, full of life and motion, and always eager to be employed. She was always very happy when she had anything to do, though it seemed to make very little difference to her whether it was duty or mischief. Malleville,

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The oven.Preparations for the fire.

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who also came to the tent with Phonny, was more quiet and still.

“Why, I don’t know,” said Phonny. “We can choose a place for the dinner, and carry out the things.”

“Yes,” said Augusta, “and we can build a fire. We shall want a fire.”

She began to look around for a place for her fire. Her eyes fell upon the log, which presented its open and hollow end in the direction toward the place where she was standing.

“There is a grand place,” said she, “in the end of that log. That will do for our *oven*.”

“Well,” said Phonny. “If we only had some matches.”

“Oh there are plenty of matches in the tent, somewhere,” said Augusta. “Beechnut always brings matches. I can find them in some of the parcels. If you will get some wood I will get the matches.”

Phonny acceded to this proposal, and calling Malleville to come and help him, he began to gather sticks, and knots, and decayed fragments of old trees, and to crowd them into what Augusta called the oven. In the mean time Augusta herself was busily employed in the tent, opening baskets and unrolling parcels, and

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Search for matches.Phonny lights the fire.

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thrusting her hand down into deep bags in search of Beechnut's match-box. After creating great disorder in her search, and throwing the things all about the floor of the tent, she found the matches at last, and ran out to carry them to Phonny. While she was opening the parcels and scattering them around, she intended to put them all back again before going away. But when she found the matches, after so long a search, she was so excited and overjoyed that she lost all thoughts of the disorder which she had made, in her eagerness to carry the matches to Phonny and to witness the kindling of the fire. During all this time Bunianne remained fixed and motionless in the crotch of the tree, wondering what these strange intruders into her dominions could be intending to do.

Phonny rubbed a match and lighted the mass of combustibles which he had crowded into the hollow log, and he soon had a blazing and crackling fire. Augusta ran around in all directions, getting more fuel. She broke off small branches from the living hemlock trees in the vicinity, and held them in the flame to hear the extraordinary crackling which they occasioned. The principal portion of the smoke

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Bunnianne in distress.Beechnut appears.

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from the fire ascended in dense volumes towards the sky ; some of it however was forced by the pressure of the air along the log, where it insinuated itself through a thousand crevices and seams until it reached the dark and narrow cavity where Bunnianne had made her nest. The young squirrels were almost smothered.

Bunnianne herself was in a state of extreme terror and distress. The dense volumes of smoke, the crackling flames, the shouts and exclamations of the children, filled her with dismay. To increase her troubles, perplexity was added to fear, as she was wholly at a loss to determine whether to remain where she was to watch the course of events, or to hasten back to her hole and endeavor to rescue her little ones from the impending conflagration.

While things were in this state the attention of the whole party, including both Bunnianne and the children, was arrested by the sudden appearance of Beechnut, who came shouting up the path, out of breath with exertion, and demanding who had built that fire. Phonny was just upon the point of boasting of it as his work, but it was obvious from Beechnut's air and manner that he considered it as an offence and a wrong, to be condemned, and not

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Beechnut extinguishes the fire.The axe.

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a dexterous exploit to be honored and applauded. So instead of saying proudly "I did it," Phonny stood still a moment while Beechnut was approaching, and then said, "Why? What is the matter?"

"You must not have a fire here!" said Beechnut. "Come and help me put it out."

So saying, he went to the fire, and began to pull away the burning brands, and scatter them about upon the rocks and grass, wherever he saw that there were no other combustibles, which there would be danger of kindling.

"*Why* must not we have a fire here?" insisted Phonny.

"We will talk about that by and by," replied Beechnut, "the thing to be done now is to put it out. Go and get the axe out of the tent."

There was an axe in the tent, which Beechnut had brought up with him. He always took an axe with him when he went into the woods, even if he went on a blue-berry party. He had a small and light axe which he used expressly for this purpose.

Phonny brought the axe. When he arrived with it, Beechnut had pulled the fire entirely to pieces, though the great hollow log was still burning, and the fire was working its way

along farther and farther into it. Beechnut took the axe, and going along the log until he had got beyond the part which was on fire, he began to cut into it with heavy and rapid blows.

"Are you going to cut the log off?" asked Phonny.

Beechnut did not answer, but went on cutting.

"Beechnut," said Augusta, "are you going to cut the log off?"

"Yes," said Beechnut.

The cutting off of the log was the only measure which could save the young squirrels in the nest, from an immediate and most horrible destruction; but Bunnianne did not understand this, for squirrels as well as men are prone to misjudge the occasions of danger, and are often most frightened when there is really the least cause for fear. The hubbub which Beechnut made in putting out the fire, and the apparent extension of the fire itself, and the increase of the smoke which came from it, in consequence of the scattering of the brands upon the grass,—and now at last those terrible blows, dealt with such incessant urgency and force upon her dwelling, filled her with double consternation. She scrambled down the fir-tree,



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Beechnut finishes cutting.A distinction.

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ran along the log to her hole, rushed into the hole, which she found half filled with smoke and suffocating vapor, and curled down over the little squirrels in great terror. There she remained for a time, almost stupefied with fright, listening in dismay to the sound of the blows which Beechnut was dealing all the while upon the log, at no great distance from the place of her nest.

The blows, however, gradually became lighter as Beechnut proceeded with his work. The burning end of the log was at length cut off and split to pieces, and the fire reduced to a few smoking and smouldering brands. When this was done, Beechnut threw the axe upon his shoulder and walked toward the tent.

“Now tell me,” said Phonny, “why I must not build a fire there.”

“Which do you wish to know?” said Beechnut, “why it is wrong for a fire to be built there, or why it was wrong for *you* to build it?”

“Why, that is the same thing,” said Phonny.

“No,” replied Beechnut, “two very different things. It was wrong for you to build the fire for one reason, and it was wrong for a fire to be built there for a very different one.”

“It was wrong for you to build a fire there.”

continued Beechnut, "because you had no leave to build a fire anywhere, and it is wrong for you to do such a thing as that without permission. You will have to be punished for it."

Augusta looked a little alarmed. She had the generosity to say, however, that the building of the fire was her fault more than Phonny's, and that if any body was to be punished she was the one.

"No," said Beechnut. "If a girl and a boy together do mischief, the boy must bear all the punishment. If a woman breaks the laws, they always make her husband pay the fine."

Augusta laughed and said, that Phonny was not her husband.

"No," said Beechnut, "but he is your sponsor for good conduct when you are playing together. He must be punished for you both."

"Well," said Phonny, "what is the punishment?"

"Why you must go out there somewhere upon the green grass, and stand on your head and count twenty; ten for you and ten for Augusta."

Phonny laughed aloud. "Suppose I can not stand on my head so long," said he.

"You must try ten times," replied Beechnut,

“and if you don’t succeed in ten times, the ten attempts shall go for your punishment.”

“Well; come Augusta,” said Phonny.

Augusta followed Phonny, skipping along very merrily. Malleville remained behind, and said, looking up very anxiously to Beechnut,

“Oh, dear me! I am afraid he will break his neck.”

“Oh, no,” said Beechnut. “Never did a boy break his neck by standing on his head, in the world.”

Soon after this, the remainder of the party returned to the tent, with pails and baskets very heavily laden. These pails and baskets the children, after having first covered the berries over with green leaves, placed under the shade of some overhanging rocks, and then repaired to the tent. They were much surprised at the mischief which Augusta had done, and they were apparently about to censure her very severely, but Phonny offered to settle the account by standing on his head and counting forty, or even fifty, if they required so much. They found, however, on examination, that after all, no serious damage had been done. The stores and provisions were then all taken out to a large

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Dinner upon the rocks.The walk.

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flat rock in a smooth and steady situation which Wallace had selected for the dinner-party. At a little distance from this place, to the leeward, that is, in the direction toward which the wind was blowing, there was a spot among the rocks where Beechnut said that Phonny and Augusta might build a fire if they wished. He also then explained to him the reason why it was wrong for a fire to be built in the great log, which was, that at that place there was danger that it would run into the woods, and if it should do so, it might spread to a great distance, and do great damage.

After the dinner the whole party remained for some time sitting upon the rocks, enjoying the cool mountain breeze, and talking together in a very agreeable and social manner. At length they arose from their seats, and began to saunter slowly around, admiring the wild scenery, and going out to various points on the rocks to enjoy the magnificent views which were presented of the country below. Beechnut went to the spring and was at work there arranging some flat stones around it in such a manner as to make it more convenient to get the water.

On one side, at a little distance from the place where they had been sitting, there was an

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The precipice.They walk on.

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almost perpendicular precipice, which descended to a great depth, with precipitous and ragged rocks below. It happened that a part of the company, among whom were Parker, Wallace, Mary Bell, and Caroline, in rambling about, came near to this brink, and as they looked down upon the fearful declivity, they all seemed much impressed with the sublimity of the scene. Caroline persisted in going quite near to the brink; not near enough indeed to be in any danger of falling, but yet so near as to make the rest of the party uneasy and uncomfortable. Both Mary Bell and Wallace begged her not to do so, but this seemed only to make her more disposed to display her courage. Parker too said that there was no danger. He believed, he said, that he could actually climb down them. Mary Bell, beginning to be very much afraid lest he might make the attempt, turned to go away.

Parker and Caroline followed, and they all walked along together at a little distance from the brink, when Caroline took off her bonnet that she might enjoy the cool breeze more perfectly, and began to swing it about in her hand, holding it by the string. Wallace cautioned her against doing this, on account of the dan-

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Caroline's bonnet disappears.

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ger of losing her bonnet. "If the string should break," said he, "or slip through your fingers, your bonnet would be carried over the brink by the wind."

"Oh that would be no matter," replied Caroline, "Parker would climb down and get it for me, I dare say, if you were afraid to go." So saying she continued to swing her bonnet as before.

"Certainly I would," said Parker.

Caroline would not by any means have thrown her bonnet over the precipice on purpose, in order to make some one go after it; and yet the idea of having a young gentleman engaged in an expedition so difficult, and perhaps even dangerous, in her service, was a very agreeable one to her mind, and though she did not really mean to let the bonnet go, yet the thought which passed through her mind had the effect to relax slightly the hold of her fingers upon the strings, and before she was aware of it the bonnet was gone. It rolled slowly, over and over upon the ground. Parker shouted out, "stop it." Wallace darted after it. It reached the brink of the precipice, however, before it could be stopped. It was carried over, and sailing slowly through the air it lodged at last

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Parker cannot get it.Wallace's plan.

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upon a projecting shelf of rock at some distance from the precipice, and a hundred feet below.

Caroline looked very anxious and very much alarmed. She was really sorry that her bonnet had gone. "What *shall* I do?" said she. "You can't possibly get it for me, can you, Parker?"

"Yes," said Parker, "yes, I can get it;" and so saying he began to walk hurriedly back and forth near the brink of the precipice, trying to find a place where it would be possible to descend. His search was fruitless. He crept forward pretty near the brink in one place, but soon came back again saying it was too steep. Wallace and Mary Bell stood pretty near together looking on.

"Don't let him go," said Mary Bell, in an undertone; "he will certainly fall."

"No," replied Wallace, "there is no danger. He will not go near enough to fall."

"It is not possible to get down, is it?" asked Mary.

"I am not certain that I might not get down *there*," said Wallace, pointing to a circuitous way along under a range of cliffs somewhat in the rear of the spot where they were standing.

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Mary Bell's offer.The descent.

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"I would not try," said Mary Bell. "It is no matter about the bonnet. She may have mine to wear home, and I will put a handkerchief upon my head."

"I will go and see, said Wallace, "whether I can get down or not. And you need not be anxious about me. I shall go very carefully and not run any risks. I have no idea of hazarding my life to save a bonnet."

So saying Wallace walked along to the point where the descent which he thought might be practicable commenced, and began to go down. He proceeded in a very deliberate and cautious manner. In the mean time the news of the accident had spread and most of the children of the party had come running to the spot. There was a projecting shelf or ledge where they could stand and watch Wallace as he descended.

Wallace proceeded cautiously, step by step, sometimes walking, sometimes letting himself down from one ledge to another, like a man descending a ladder, and sometimes creeping along upon his hands and knees. He stopped occasionally to wave his hat, calling out at the same time, "All's well."

At length, to the great relief and joy of all

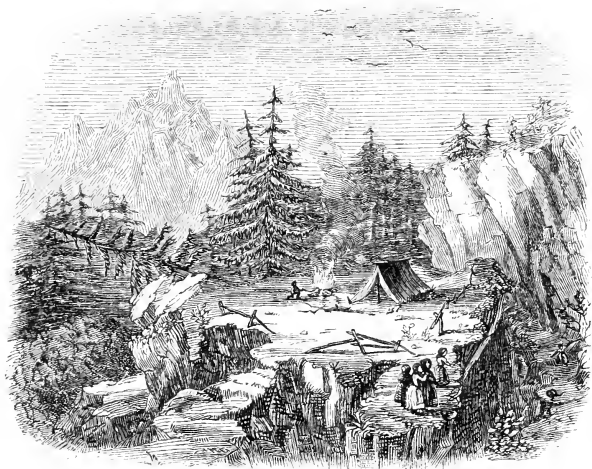


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Wallace is successful.

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the party who were observing him, he reached a comparatively level spot, and thence he walked along without any further difficulty, to the place where the bonnet was lying. He took it up, waved it in the air in token of the successful accomplishment of his expedition, and then sat down upon the rock to rest.



WALLACE'S DESCENT.

In a few minutes he rose again, and laying down the bonnet in a place among the rocks where it could not be blown away by the wind, he walked forward toward the brink of

another precipice, which lay before him, and when he had gone as far as he could go without danger, he stooped down and seemed to be intent on examining something among the rocks. Presently he arose from his stooping posture, and returned, apparently bringing something, carefully, in his hand. It was a little flower which he had gathered to give to Mary Bell.

He came back in this manner, with the flower in one hand and the bonnet in the other, until he reached the difficult places in the path by which he was to return, when he put the flower into the bonnet, and then, carrying the bonnet and flower in one hand, he helped himself over the rocks with the other. In due time he got safely back to the place where the party had been left. He delivered the bonnet to Caroline, and then gave the flower to Mary Bell. It was a very small and delicate, but beautiful bell-shaped flower. He told Mary Bell that he saw it growing upon the rocks, and had brought it to her for a souvenir of their excursion.

"Why did not you bring *me* one," said Augusta.

"And me," said Malleville.

"And me. And me," said several other voices.

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Mary Bell presses her flowers.They return home.

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“Why there were none of you here when I went away,” said Wallace. “There was nobody here but Mary Bell.”

“And Caroline,” said Augusta.

“Yes, Caroline was here,” said Wallace, “but I brought Caroline her bonnet ; so I thought I would give the flower to Mary Bell.”

Mary Bell took out a little wallet from her pocket, which contained a small book, and some papers, and among them two or three leaves of blotting paper. She placed the flower very carefully between these leaves, to press and preserve it.

After this, the party all came down the mountain and went to their several homes.

It was only a few days after this excursion, that Wallace’s vacation expired, and he returned to college.

**THE END.**















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